

IN THIS
STAR TREK III THE SEARCH FOR SPOCK

ISSUE...

MAD

No. 251
Dec. '84

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the usual gang of idiots

DEPARTMENTS

A TRIVIAL PURSUIT DEPARTMENT

"Star Bleccch III—The Search For Plot"
(A Mad Movie Satire) 4

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPARTMENT

The Lighter Side Of 22

CRASHING BORE DEPARTMENT

A MAD Look At Airline Safety Instructions 19

DROPPED DEAD DEPARTMENT

The TV Prime Time Graveyard 12

FROM BAD TO VOICE DEPARTMENT

When Every Device "Talks" 34

HUMOR AT WARPED SPEED DEPARTMENT

Don Martin Looks At "Star Trek III" 30

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPARTMENT

Spy Vs. Spy 48

MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT

"Drawn-Out Dramas" By Aragones **

NO REST FOR THE LEERY DEPARTMENT

Only In The Middle Of The Night 36

NURSERY WHINES DEPARTMENT

Baby Talk—Exposed 10

OUR NATIONAL BLASTIME DEPARTMENT

MAD's Baseball Owner Of The Year 15

POSITIVE WINKING DEPARTMENT

Ain't It Great!! 27

POST WASTE DEPARTMENT

Random Samplings Of Reader Mail 2

RIP, PLEASE! DEPARTMENT

MAD's Modern Believe It Or Nuts! 33

WEE SHALL OVERCOME DEPARTMENT

"Web*Star" (A MAD TV Show Satire) 43

"WHERE'S THE THIEF?" DEPARTMENT

The Criminals' Yellow Pages 39

**Various Places Around The Magazine

VITAL FEATURES

"STAR
BLECCCH
III—THE
SEARCH
FOR PLOT"
Pg. 4



MAD'S
BASEBALL
OWNER
OF THE
YEAR
Pg. 15



A MAD
LOOK AT
AIRLINE
SAFETY
INSTRUCTIONS
Pg. 20



DON
MARTIN
LOOKS AT
STAR
TREK III
Pg. 30

ONLY
IN THE
MIDDLE
OF THE
NIGHT
Pg. 36



"WEB*STAR"
(A
MAD
TV Show
Satire)
Pg. 43

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POST WASTE DEPT.



MORE MAD ESP???

Well, here we go with another case of MAD E.S.P.! Back in MAD #235, in the movie satire "Rockhead III", Rockhead said, because he was repeatedly standing in front of large chests during bouts, he wanted his next match to be with Dolly Parton. You didn't know how right you were! His next match was with the big-chested Dolly in the movie "Rhinestone"! Since you have such an extraordinary gift, could you please tell me where my house keys are? I haven't been able to find them since I last cleaned my room!

Edward Olson
Eureka, CA

Also: Steve MacBride, York PA; Gary Stewart, Clearwater FL; Chris Berte, Houston TX; Ben Mayer, White Oak PA.



Two Boobs At Work

VEEP SHOT

I found the enclosed cartoon in the July 15 edition of the New York Sunday News.

The missing tooth caught my eye.

Tim Scannell
Cold Spring, NY



THE WORST FROM MAD

I bet you guys thought you were so smart! Well, don't flatter yourselves because I skunked you big-time magazine people. In your Winter 1984 Super Special, "The Worst From MAD", in the MAD Wall Signs section, instead of perforating the edges you simply put a dotted line on the side of the pages. But, those dotted lines were not just dotted lines, they were in Morse Code! Since my sharp eye spotted this, do I win a prize? Anyway, for all your dumb readers who can't read Morse Code, here's what the big-deal message said: Cut along this dot and dash line with a scissor idiot because we were too cheap to have the pages perforated but as long as we have your attention, buy MAD Magazine buy MAD Magazine buy MAD Magazine (nine more times) MAD Magazine is much cheaper than sex but not as funny.

Brian Baer
Monroe, LA

Other MAD Code Specialists include: Gus Gyde, Springfield OR; James D. Morris, Jacksonville, FL; Andy Gottlieb, Acton MO; James Freany, Shoreham NY; Chris Whelan, Blue Bell PA.

When I got "The Worst From MAD" I cut out the posters and pasted them on my door. My mom made me take down the one about the orgy starting in five minutes. She wanted me to take down the one about the sex-starved maniac too, but I conned her into letting me keep it up. The posters add class to my room.

Brian Roscher
Flemington, NJ

Maybe your mom wanted the orgy poster for her door!—Ed.

THE MAD CANDIDATE

According to "MAD's Ideal Presidential Candidate For 1984" Mr. T's mustache is really Reagan's eyebrows. I guess this means that whenever Reagan's brow is sweating away in front of reporters, Mr. T must be blowing his nose!

Frank Arena
Overhere, USA

"GRIMLINS"

It's been a while since I picked up MAD, but your "Gremlins" issue was absolutely great. I loved the picture of Siskel and Ebert and the "Grimlins" satire was right on the mark. It doesn't get any better than this. And to think at one point in time I thought I had outgrown MAD. No way. It's plain to see that your writers and artists really put a lot of effort and thought into the satires.

Kevin Kelly
Winter Park, FL

Mort Drucker and Stan Hart should have put their "Gremlins" satire in water. Maybe the few laughs that were in it could have multiplied!

Brian Ash
Co-op City, New York

Your parents should have shined a bright light on you!—Ed.

Just thought you'd like to know, Russia is predicting a box office smash with its new hit movie "Kremlins".

Holly Walsh
Flemington, OH

You might call that "commie" attractions.—Ed.



A "Kremlin?"

"CHEERS"

I think that the writer of "Beers", Arnie Kogen, should take the "pellet with the poison" for forgetting to put the "chalice with the palace" next to the "vessel with a pestle," "brew that is true," and the "Bagon with the dragon." He'd sure make a rotten "Court Jester"!

Steven Scholten
Silver Bay, NY

The "vessel with a pestle" reference in "Beers" alone was worth the price of the magazine.

Michelle Strong
Rochester, NY

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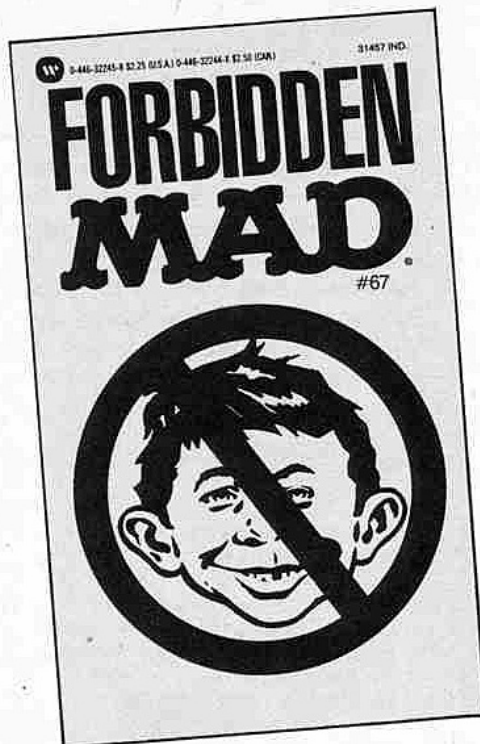
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Space...the exploitable frontier! These are the continuing efforts of the "Star Trek" movie Producers! Their mission: to seek out new Box Office smash hits; to explore new special effects and new gimmicks for merchandising revenue; to boldly go back to the well where they have already gone twice before...only this time, to come up with a movie sadly lacking in one vital element! Mainly,

STAR B THE SEA

Friends, in "Star Blech II," Mr. Spook gave his life so that we all might live! Now, we have repaid him in the only honorable way possible, by shooting his body into space! Yes, we've sent him "Vulgan Express"... because we absolutely had to get him to the planet Genisick overnight! Spook was our friend... our companion... and our running gag! We shall miss him!!

I heard
that
Spook
wanted
to
leave
his
**body to
Science!**

Yeah,
but
Science
wanted
to
give
back
the
ears!!

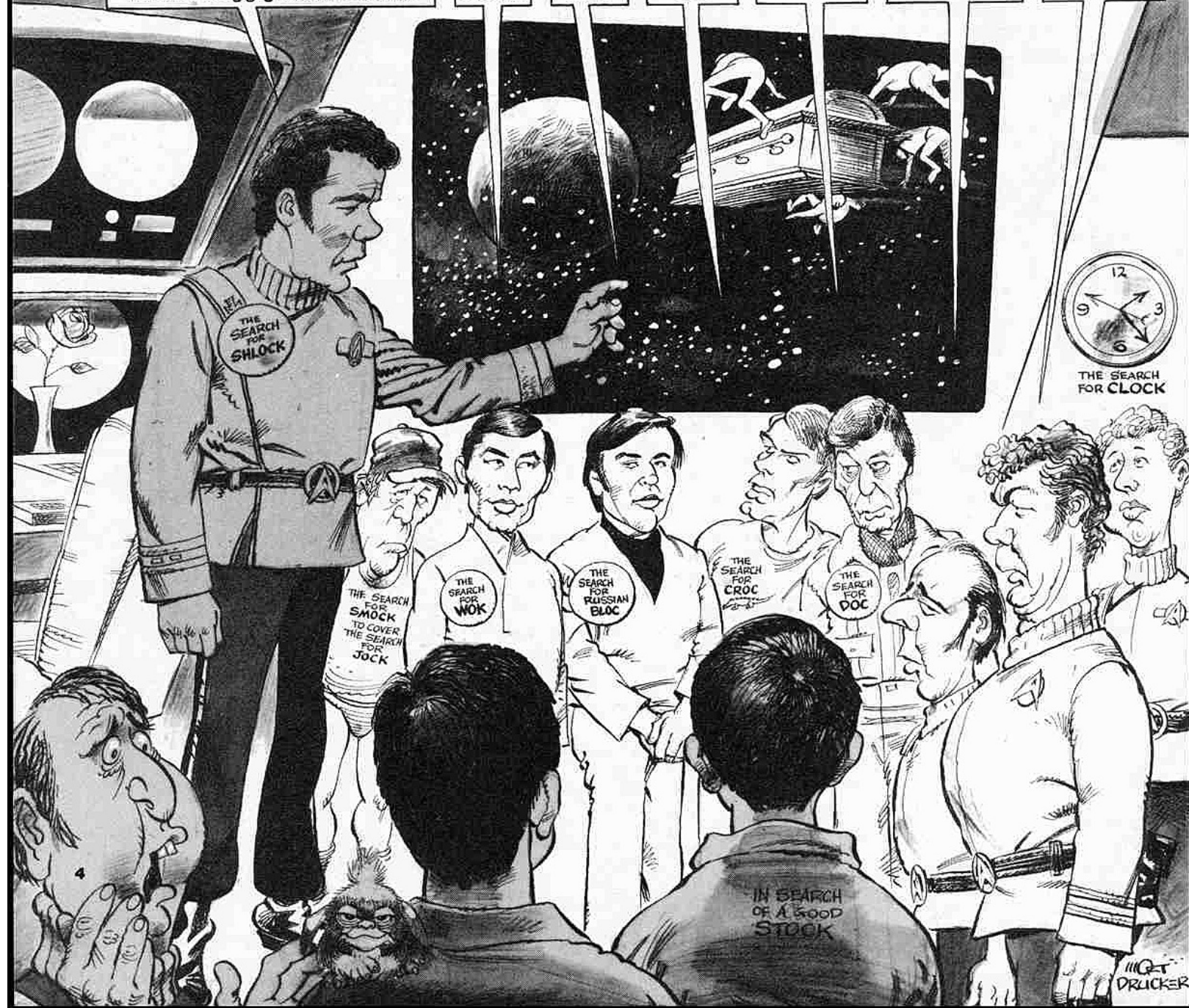
Wow! His coffin hurled into space!! What a rough way to GO!!

If you think that's rough on **Spook**... what about his **PALL-BEARERS?!?** They're still clinging to the coffin!

Spook was a **good man!** He hated intergalactic evil and **corruption of any kind!!**

What makes you say that?

In his **last will**, he requested that his body be **cremated...** and his **ashes** thrown into **Darth Vader's face!!**



LECCH III RCH FOR PLOT

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

Good to see you working again, Hooahh!

You, too, Spotty!

Do you realize that these "Star Blecch" films are the **ONLY** time we're employed as actors...?

Yeah, but not Adm. Quirk! He has that popular "T.J. Hooker" series!!

POPULAR?!?

The world is full of "Trekies"! How many "HOOKIES" do you see these days?!



Excellent, Kingkongs! We have destroyed the Federation Scout Ship! Now, let's burn the Galaxy, melt the Milky Way, bend the rings of Saturn and punch the man in the moon in the face!

Commander Crude seems to be in an especially ghastly mood today!

Ghastly?!? For a Kingkong leader, that's laid back!!

Kingkongs... our mission is to uncover the secrets of the planet, Genisick, and use them to crush the Federation! In the meantime... take five...!!

There he goes again... with that "Off Duty" sign! What IS it with him, anyway...?!

In a previous life, he worked for a CAB COMPANY on a TV SitCom! It's hard to break certain habits!!



Something very strange, Admiral Quirk! I'm getting an energy reading coming from inside Mr. Spook's quarters!

What?? That's impossible! Spook is DEAD!

Gym! Help me! Why did you leave me on the planet Genisick... without any luggage...??

That's SPOOK! It... it's Mr. Spook's voice!

No, it's Bony McGoy! Bony, what are you DOING...?!

I'm doing Mr. Spook!

Wanna hear my Jack Nicholson? I also do Charles Bronson and a pretty fair Clint Eastwood! "Go ahead... make my day..."

Bony!! Have you gone MAD???

I don't think so! They make millions in Vegas with Elvis impressions! I could clean up impersonating a recently dead cult figure like Spook!

Wow! Look at THAT!! Do you see what I see?

We sure do! It's the new Starship, "Exseltzer"... a sure-fire merchandising gimmick for our next sequel, "Star Blech IV"!

Sorry, Quirk I'm afraid that wear and tear have taken their toll! I have never seen such a battered hulk!

Please reconsider, Commander! I—I'll start using Grecian Formula! I'll start pumping iron! I'll start popping Vitamin C pills! I'll—

Not YOU, Quirk! It's your ship, the "Booby-prize"! It's become the Edsel of Outer Space! We're going to have to make changes!

Are you saying...??

Yes... the "Boobyprize" will boldly go where no Starship has gone before... into MOTHBALLS!

Quirk, I've come to find out why you sent my son's body to Genisick, when his family plot is on Vulcan?

His family plot??!

Yes He WAS to be buried in an Orthodox Vulcan cemetery! The relatives were there! We had a Deli platter—

Besides, my son Spook is not completely dead!

Not completely dead?! Isn't that like being a little bit pregnant?

My son's BODY is on Genisick, but his SPIRIT is HERE! And I'd like them to be TOGETHER! I'm a nut on neatness!!

May I Join your mind?

What IS this?

A Vulgan mind-melt! I'm trying to figure out where his spirit voice comes from!

I... I don't understand!!

Quirk, this film offers adventure, fun and some neat special effects! Why nit pick over "understanding"? Besides, I think the answer lies on Genisick...

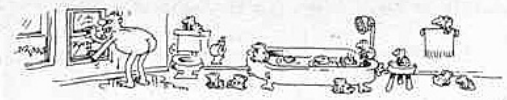


Lt. Slavic and Davey Mockup of the Survey Team... reporting back to Starbase!!

Report location! Are you on the planet Genisick? Over...

Not sure! There's nothing here but cemeteries, strange crawling things, and a temperature that's decreasing from tropical to freezing...!

Quick Come back! You've landed in Miami Beach!!



Look!! A BABY... Unbelievable! The "Genisick Effect" has regenerated a life form! It's—it's a BABY CAPTAIN SPOOK...!!

And he's AGING RAPIDLY! He's going from INFANCY... to BOYHOOD...

He's going through PUBERTY!

Only TWELVE SECONDS of PUBERTY? Wouldn't YOU scream?!

But... Why is he SCREAMING??

Is it THAT painful?



ARRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGGHHHH...

Every seven years, the Vulcan male must endure pain!

How can we stop this torture!

He says there's only one way!! Get into the back seat of a space ship with him...!!

Spook may be dead, but PARTS of him are still very much alive...!!



Good news, Bony...! You're NOT a candidate for the Federation Funny Farm!

Then why am I acting like a reject from "The Exorcist"?

I'll explain! Before he died, Spook was able to transfer HIS mind into YOUR body!!

Is that the famous "Mind-Melt" developed by the Vulgans??

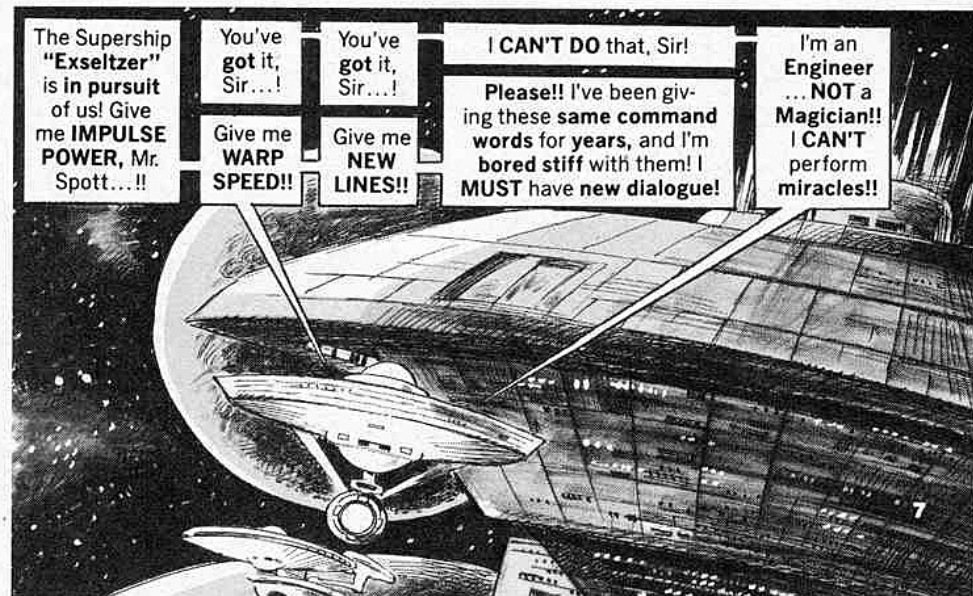
Yes... and perfected by an ancient Earthling named Reverend Moon!



Isn't this terribly out of line, Admiral... stealing the "Boobyprize" against Federation orders...?

It's the only way, Zulu! Our mission is to zoom to the planet Genisick, pick up Spook's body, and bring it back to his home on Vulcan...!!

Some come-down! Once we were the greatest Starship in the fleet! Now we're nothing but a HEARSE!



The Supership "Exseltzer" is in pursuit of us! Give me IMPULSE POWER, Mr. Spott...!!

You've got it, Sir...!

Give me WARP SPEED!!

You've got it, Sir...!

Give me NEW LINES!!

I CAN'T DO that, Sir! Please!! I've been giving these same command words for years, and I'm bored stiff with them! I MUST have new dialogue!

I'm an Engineer... NOT a Magician!! I CAN'T perform miracles!!

Admiral Quirk... this is **Commander Crude** of the King-kongs! I **command** you to **surrender!**

I'll never do that!

Then you will **PERISH!**

You Kingkongs **cannot** win against the Fed-eration! It's like banging your head against a **brick wall!**

You fools! Banging our **heads** against **brick walls** is our **specialty!!**

Quirk, unless we get the **secret** of **Genisick**, I am going to **kill** one of these **hostages!** Which one will it be? The **girl...**? Your **son...**? Or the **Vulgan male...**?

Is there **no limit** to your **evil**, **Commander Crude...**? First you are a **treacherous villain...** and now, you're a **sleazy Game Show Host!!**



Admiral, the **King-kongs** are **boarding** our ship!!

Let them **board**, **Spotty!** We have **goodness** and **decency** on our side!

But they'll **KILL** us!!

In that case go to **Plan B!**

What's that...?

When **goodness** and **decency** just aren't enough...

...use **TRICKERY** and **DECEIT!** Set the ship to **self-destruct** while we **escape** by **beaming** down to **Genisick...**!!



Crude, I've **lost** my **SON** and my **SHIP!** This has **NOT** been a **good** day for my **Star Log** entry!!

I've got a **score** to settle with **YOU TOO**, Quirk! Choose your **weapons**: **phasers**, **photon torpedoes**, **germ warfare...**

How about **plain**, **old-fashioned FISTS...**?

EXCELLENT!! in an **epic** filled with **glitzy** **million dollar** effects, at last a **FRESH IDEA...**!!



There!! That takes care of **ONE** **maniac!**

Now, let me at the **other one...** the **Weather Forecaster** ... who predicted **'PARTLY CLOUDY'** for this planet!!





Mr. Spook is barely alive!

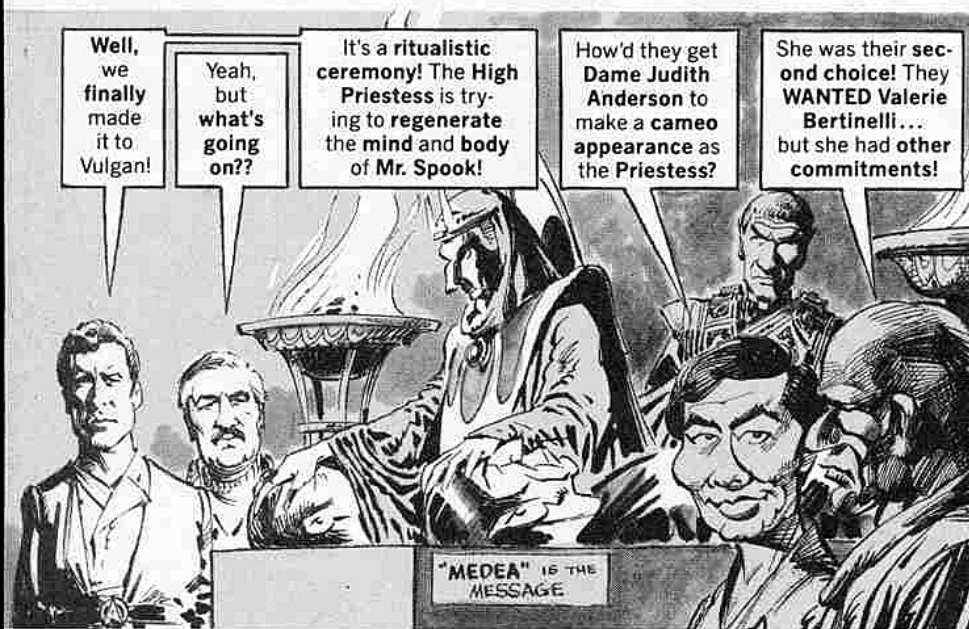
Our only hope is to zoom him to the planet where he rightfully belongs!



Where ARE we...?

Where you rightfully belong! This is "The Planet Of The Sequels"!!

Not THIS!! Not yet! Set a course for Vulkan...!!



Well, we finally made it to Vulkan!

Yeah, but what's going on??

It's a ritualistic ceremony! The High Priestess is trying to regenerate the mind and body of Mr. Spook!

How'd they get Dame Judith Anderson to make a cameo appearance as the Priestess?

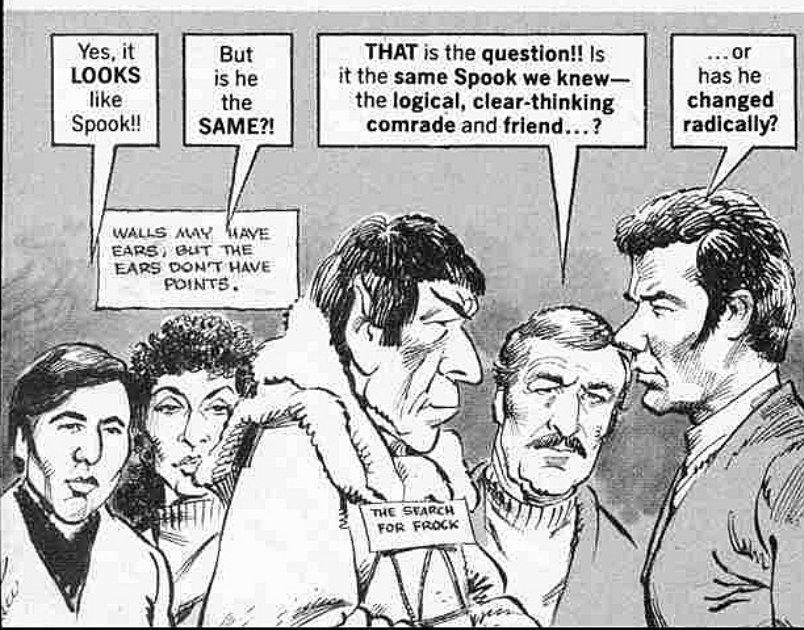
She was their second choice! They WANTED Valerie Bertinelli... but she had other commitments!

"MEDEA" IS THE MESSAGE



We're his friends! Level with us! How is he...?

Remember back in 1970... "Old Blue Eyes" came back!?! And then in 1975... "Sedaka is back!"?! Well, it's 2297...and now SPOOK IS BACK!!



Yes, it LOOKS like Spook!!

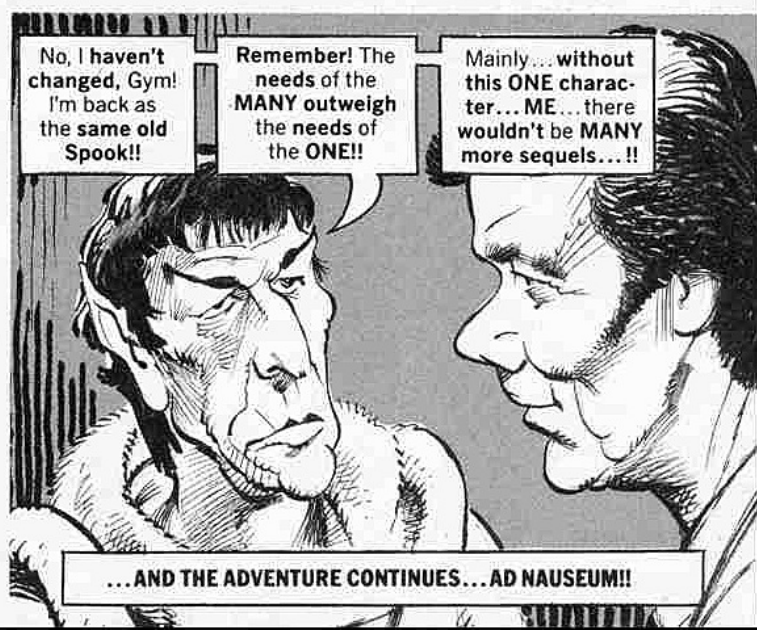
But is he the SAME?!

THAT is the question!! Is it the same Spook we knew—the logical, clear-thinking comrade and friend...?

...or has he changed radically?

WALLS MAY HAVE EARS, BUT THE EARS DON'T HAVE POINTS.

THE SEARCH FOR PROCK



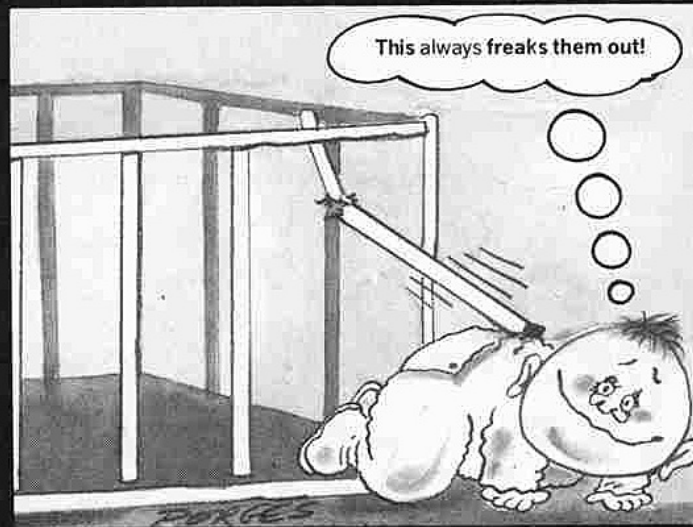
No, I haven't changed, Gym! I'm back as the same old Spook!!

Remember! The needs of the MANY outweigh the needs of the ONE!!

Mainly...without this ONE character... ME...there wouldn't be MANY more sequels....!!

... AND THE ADVENTURE CONTINUES... AD NAUSEUM!!

BABY EXPO



TALK USED



WRITER AND ARTIST: PAUL PETER PORGES

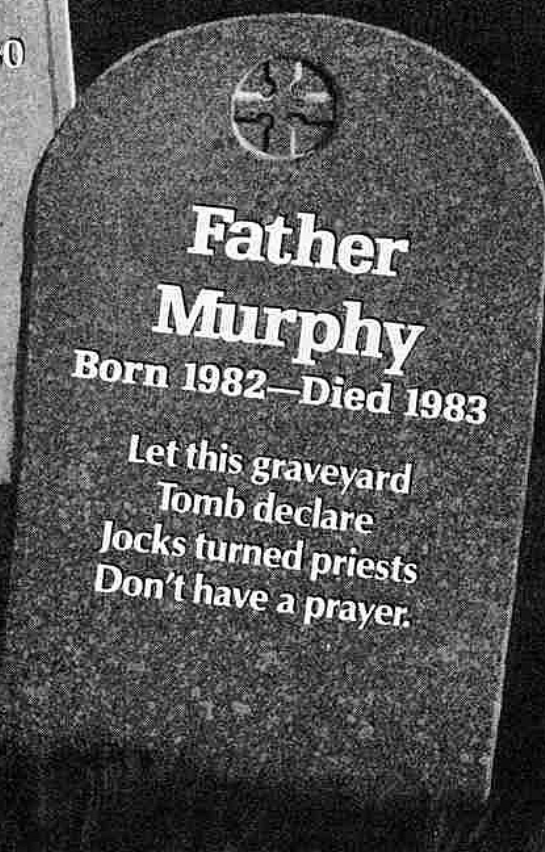
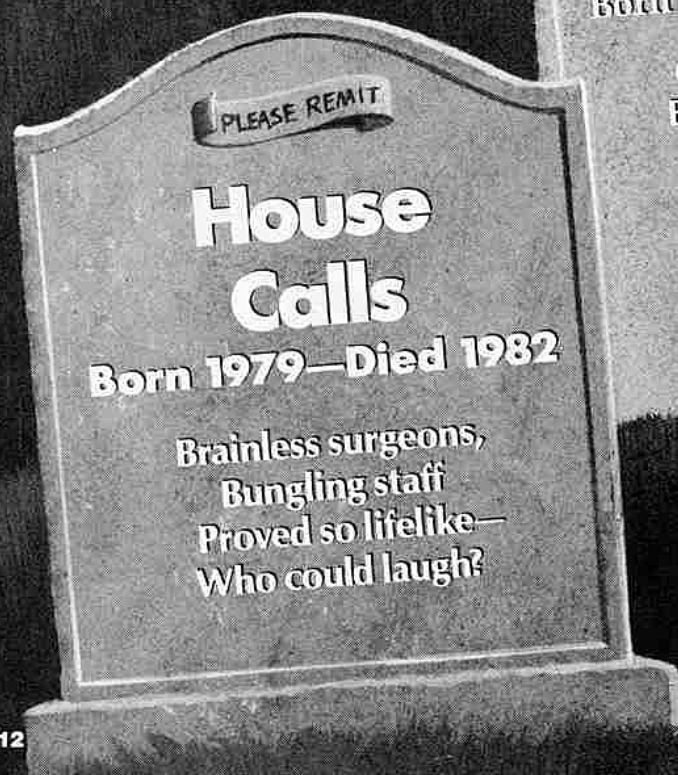
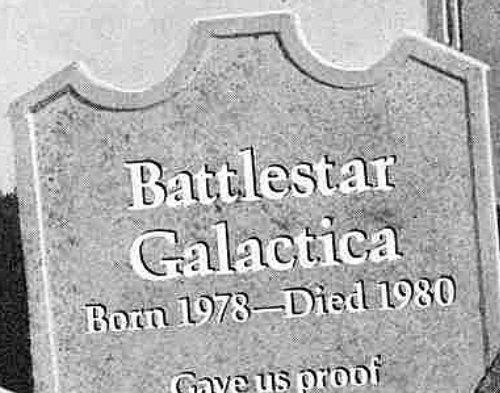
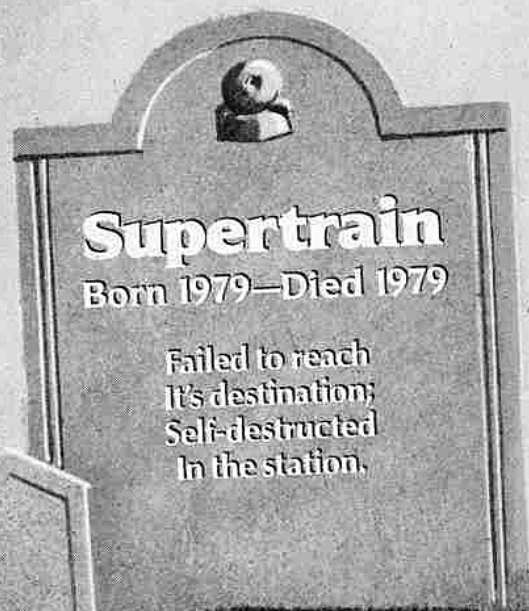
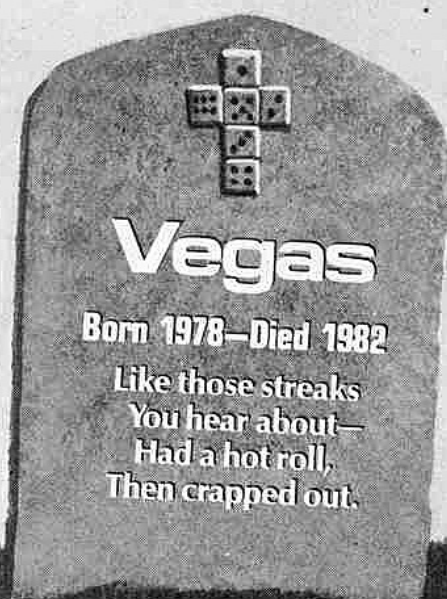


DROPPED DEAD DEPT.

No matter how high its rating, no matter how much it's loved by the public, every prime time television series

THE TV PRIME-T

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE



eventually reaches the end of its life! And where... besides syndication... does it end up? You guessed it! In

TIME GRAVEYARD

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Buck Rogers

Born 1979—Died 1981

Garbage in
The stratosphere
Tells us why
The Buck stops here.

Lottery

Born 1983—Died 1984

Here it lies
In peaceful slumber;
TV viewers
Had its number.

Private

Benjamin

Born 1981—Died 1981

Early death
Is self-explaining;
Couldn't get through
Basic training.

M*A*S*H

Born 1972—Died 1983

Died of old age
Serving for
Twelve years in a
Three-year war.

Too Close for Comfort

Born 1980—Died 1983

Buried here
Beneath this spot,
Now, at last,
It's found a plot.

**The Six-Million
Dollar Man**

Born 1974—Died 1978

**The Bionic
Woman**

Born 1976—Died 1978

Here they'll spend
Their days and nights;
Dying gave them
Equal rites.

Quincy

Born 1973—Died 1982

Shot-up corpses
Tough to handle;
Guess it needed
Tony Randall.

Automan

Born 1983—Died 1984

First it sputtered,
Then it stalled—
Now, for good
It's been recalled.

Shaping Up

Born 1983—Died 1984

In the flesh
Its life was brief;
Viewers wondered
"Where's the beef?"

a k a Pablo
Born 1983—Died 1984

Death at last
May bring Nirvanah;
a k a There's
No mañana.

**Star
Trek**

Born 1966—Died 1969

After death
And desolation,
Movies brought
Reincarnation.

Remember when the game was baseball? Well, now the game is business! And what better "player" to honor than George Swinebrenner, owner/dictator of the BIG APPLES, the unanimous choice as...

MAD'S BASEBALL OWNER OF THE YEAR



I know, you're wondering what a semi-legend like **Drone River** (plug-plug!) is doing in **Mad Magazine**, dressed like a **reporter**! Oh, come on! I belong in **Vogue**! **The Enquirer**! But not **Mad**! Well, Johnny Carson couldn't make it, and since I'm his **numero uno** replacement, I got stuck, right? So let's get on with this nonsense...



Mr. Swinebrenner, can we talk?

You're fired! I won't allow any of my employees to have long hair! We have an image to uphold! Get yourself a crewcut if you want to wear the Big Apple pin stripes, rookie!

Oh, please, have you ever seen me in stripes? They make my chest look concave! Besides, I don't work for you! Today I'm a reporter, kinda...

A reporter? What happened? Did Billy punch you? Fief, get in here!

You called, boss?

Fief, I want Billy fired now!

You can't fire Billy, boss—you already did—3 or 4 times, I forget which...

Okay, Then you're fired! As of now!

But why? Because I can't remember how many times you fired Billy?

That's ridiculous! I would never fire anyone for that! I'm firing you because I haven't fired anyone today!



But you did, boss—the pitching coach!

Then you're hired—but don't let it happen again!

Remember me? I'm here to interview you, Mr. Swinebrenner...



I'm always happy to cooperate with the media—even though they're always looking to screw me! Like here—read this...

It's just a write-up of yesterday's game! You're not even mentioned!



That's just it! How can they write about my team without mentioning me! I am the team! You call that honest reporting?

Hmm, as long as we're on the subject of your team, why don't they win the Pennant?

It's the umpires! If they would only let me fire a few of those creeps when they make a call I disagree with, we could win it!



But umpires are impartial...

Like hell they are—even the video game umps won't give me a break! He was safe, you idiot! Open your @#\$% &* eyes!



Another reason? My manager—whoever it is that week—doesn't listen to me! I don't interfere, but can't I make a suggestion now and then!

Sounds reasonable! Like?

The batting order, starting pitcher, pinch hitters, when to steal... the little things!



These are the ex-managers I'm paying not to manage...

Talk about expensive hobbies—collecting non-managing managers!

Actually, all this hiring and firing is caused by the press!

Come on, George, you mean sports writers pressure you into firing a manager?



Absolutely! They always give those stories big headlines, and since I can't resist seeing my name up there, I have no choice...

I get the picture! Tell me, when you fire a secretary, do you continue to pay her for not secretarialing?

Only if it would get my name in the papers! Come on, I'll take you on the grand tour of my domain! First, the player's locker room!





I don't believe it! Me in a room with 25 gorgeous naked hunks! This never happened on the Carson Show!

I usually don't approve of lady reporters in here, but with the ERA and all that equality nonsense...

Okay, you guys, listen up! The boss is gonna give us a pep talk!

Man, we're already in a losing streak!

The things we gotta do to get overpaid!

IBM up 4, RCA up 9, GM up 5, gold up \$12 an ounce, wheat futures up 7, pork bellies...

Way to go!

All right!

Let's get out there and clobber 'em!

Wow! You really got those guys up!

It's easy when you talk **their language!** They're into **megabucks** more than I am!

Ah, baseball! What's more suitable **family entertainment** than our National Pastime?

Nothing, if your family is entertained by jocks spitting tobacco and scratching their anatomy in public! Not to mention fans getting tanked on **beer...**

BERP!

5.00

BEER

Beer, my over-rated comic, is the very "it" of the word **profit!** What red-blooded macho man can refuse to drink beer in a ballpark? It's anti-American!

But you charge **triple** the cost than it would in a store!

Of course! It would be anti-American **not** to! I do my part to keep the economy **flowing!** Like these **choice seats**—priced beyond the range of the average fan!

TRESPASSERS WILL BE HUNG BY THE NECK!

Mr. Swine-brenner, I think you've lost me...

Why do they send a **woman** for these things? Listen, Bimbo, only a **few fat cats** can afford season boxes! But large corporations can charge it to "**entertainment!**" No one gets hurt except Uncle Sam! Besides...

I know—it's **Anti-American** not to play around with **taxes!** Sounds like the deck is stacked in your favor...

Like hell it is—I don't even **own** this stadium! It belongs to "**the people!**" Well, I just made "**the people**" shell out **100 million bucks** to fix up this ball park...

I love it—this city, which is **broke**, shelled out millions of dollars to fix up this place and not only do they have to **pay** to get in, the best seats are only available to **large corporations!**

MEMBERS ONLY!

Does the city share in your profits?

Your act should be so funny!

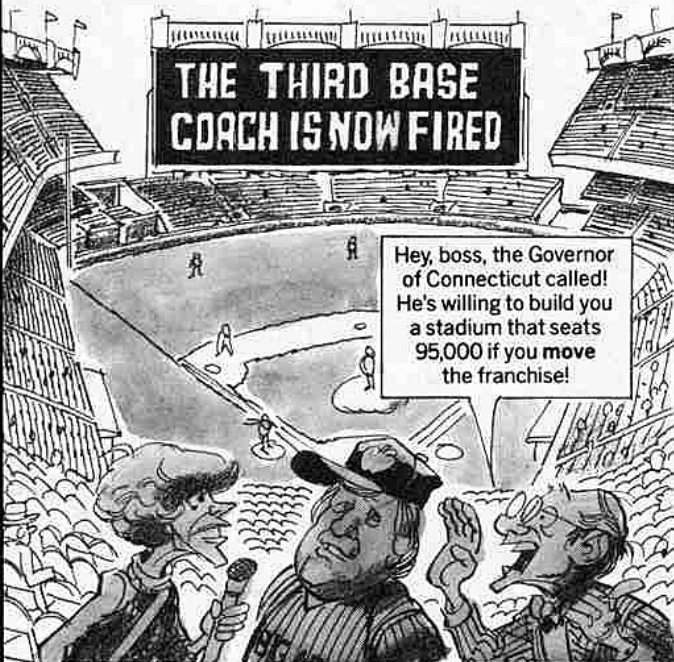
Look—all this talk made me forget the game! A long fly! We should score! Send him home, you idiot...

YER OUT!

What? He was safe! That ump is blind! The coach should never have sent that lard-butt home! I'm going to fire him right now!

Aren't you going to wait until after the game?

It'll give the reporters something to write about instead of the outcome of this game—which we'll probably lose anyway! Jake, flash on the message! Whatta ya mean "Who?" The third base coach, whoever he is, that's who!



Hey, boss, the Governor of Connecticut called! He's willing to build you a stadium that seats 95,000 if you move the franchise!

Don't tell me you'd move just for a bigger stadium...

What do you take me for? I love this city! Fief, did he say anything about parking concessions, beer, souvenirs, programs, hot dogs, peanuts?

Yeah! You get 'em!

I always did like Connecticut!



What about your loyal, dedicated Big Apple fans?

If they're so loyal and dedicated, they won't mind driving a few miles! I think it's a few miles... where is Connecticut, anyway?

Shall I call a press conference, boss?

Of course not! We gotta milk this a few weeks! Spread some rumors, let it leak out to the press, deny it, rehire Billy...

This is where I came in! Drone River signing off for Mad Magazine!



If you've ever flown, you know that every airline passenger is provided with reading material to help while away the time and make you forget how boring and uncomfortable the trip really is. This reading material usually consists of three items: (1) A magazine that extols the virtues of the airline you're flying, (2) A mail order catalogue of products that are sold by the airline you're flying, and (3) A safety information guide that makes you wish you'd never heard of the airline you're flying. With this idiotic article, we take

A MAD LOOK AT AIRLINE SAFETY INSTRUCTIONS

Airline emergency procedures look great...on paper!

SAFETY INFORMATION
INFORMATION DE SEGURIDAD
RENSIGNEMENTS POUR VOTRE SECURITE
ROISA RUCK

BOING FATBELLY

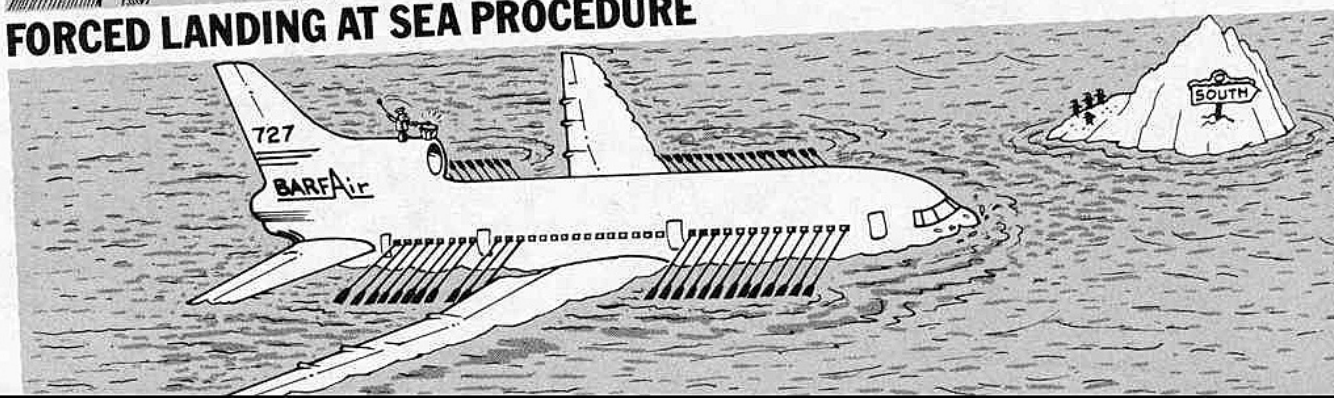
727 FEET (AROUND THE MIDDLE)

HOW TO LOCATE THIS CARD

WRITER AND ARTIST: AL JAFFEE

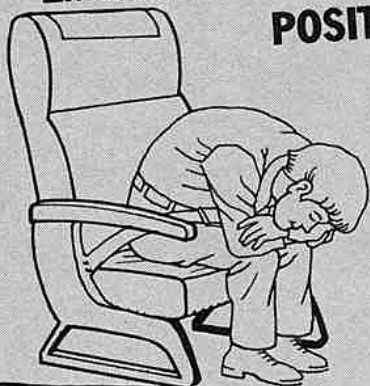


FORCED LANDING AT SEA PROCEDURE



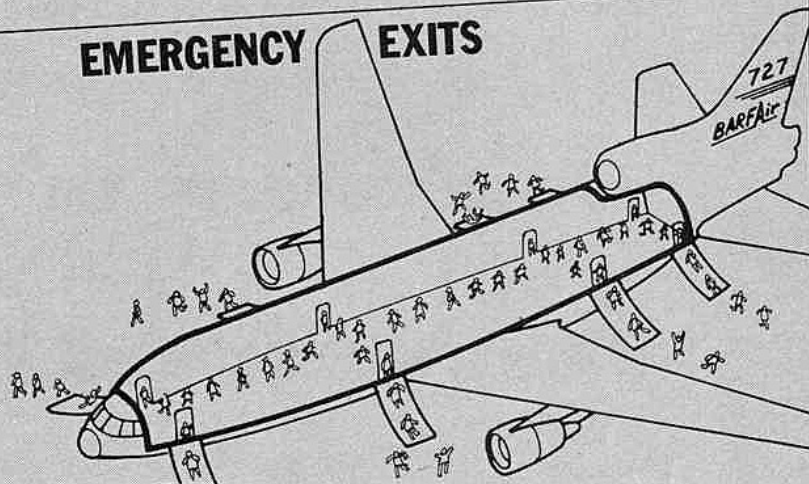
But in real life, they wouldn't quite work out that way...

EMERGENCY LANDING POSITION



This is the position most passengers will probably assume!!

EMERGENCY EXITS



Diagrams of passengers heading for the exits always show an airliner with no seats, toilets, galleys, compartment walls, movie screens -- or people packed in like sardines!!



USING EMERGENCY OXYGEN



When three hundred oxygen masks drop down into a hysterical crowd, this is more like what you'll see!!

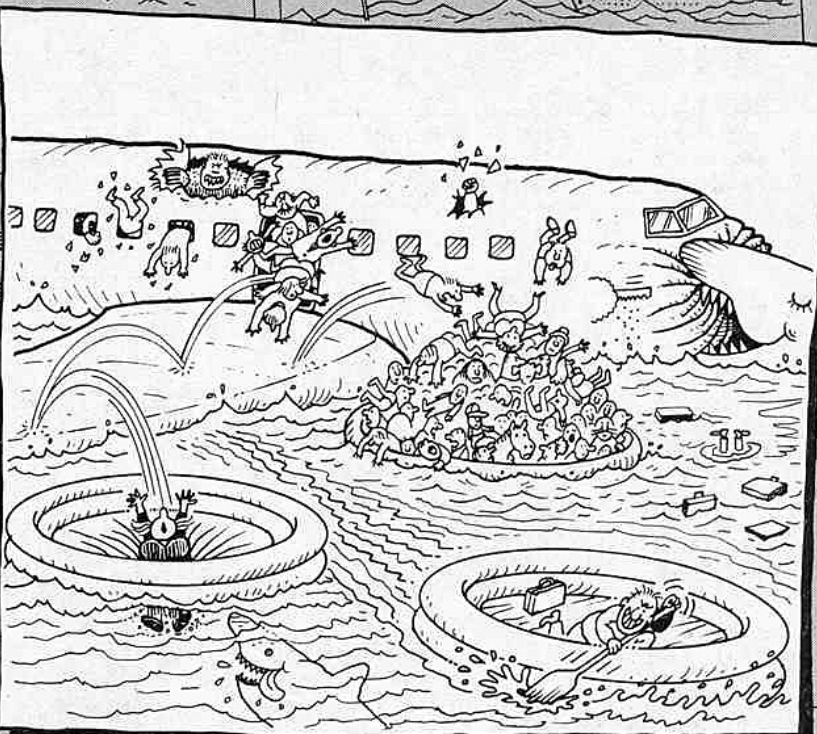
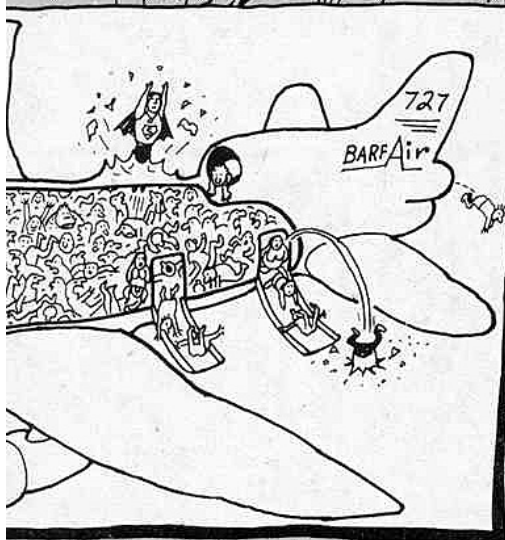


OPENING EMERGENCY DOOR EXITS

OPEN

OPENING EMERGENCY WINDOW EXITS

EXIT



LAUNCHING THE LIFE RAFTS

Olaf Jaffee

LOST ITEMS



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTS

SCHOOL



SELF-CONFIDENCE



R SIDE OF...

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

ACCIDENTS



MUSIC



ONE-UP MANSHIP

When I grow up, I'm gonna be **RICHER** than you! An' I'm gonna buy up all the gold and diamonds in the whole world!!

Oh, yeah?! What makes you think I'm gonna **SELL** 'em to you??



TELEVISION

Y'know, I'm getting a lot of pleasure out of our TV set!!

But...it's been broken for weeks!



DATING

Is my date here yet??

No!!

Darn it! He's nowhere in sight! I'm getting worried!

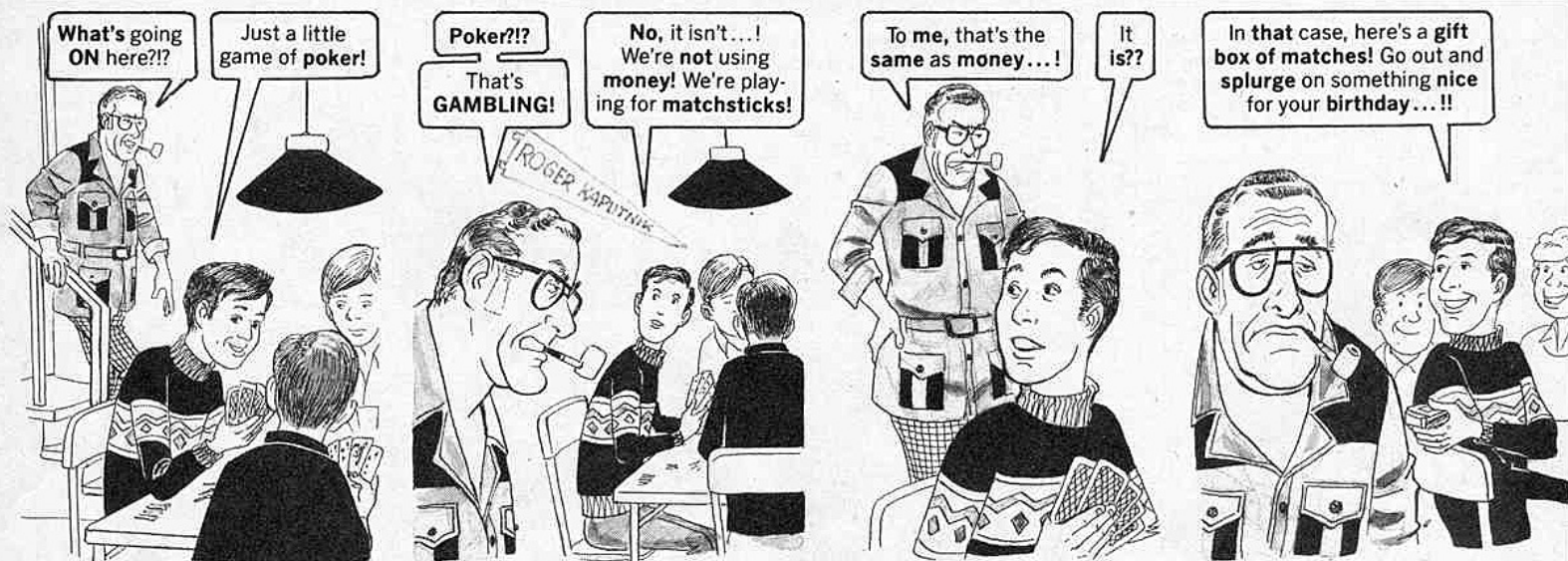
Looks like I've been stood up!

What time was he supposed to be here??

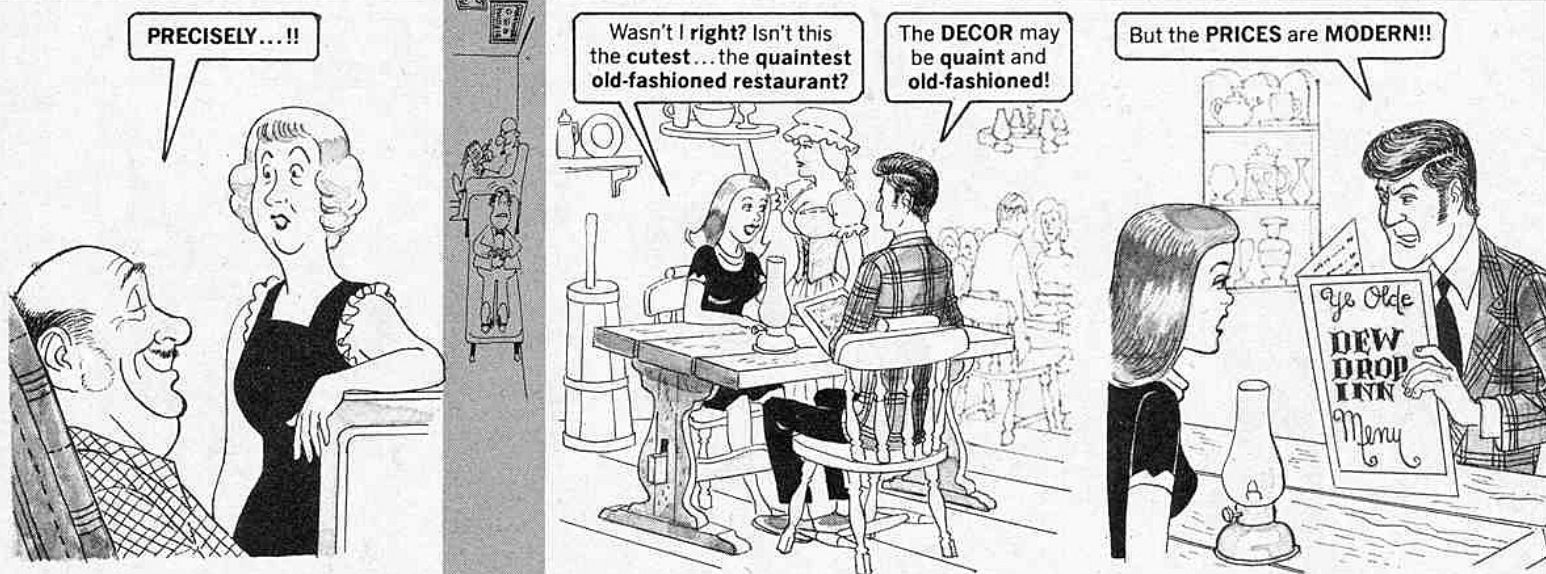
Not for another half an hour!!



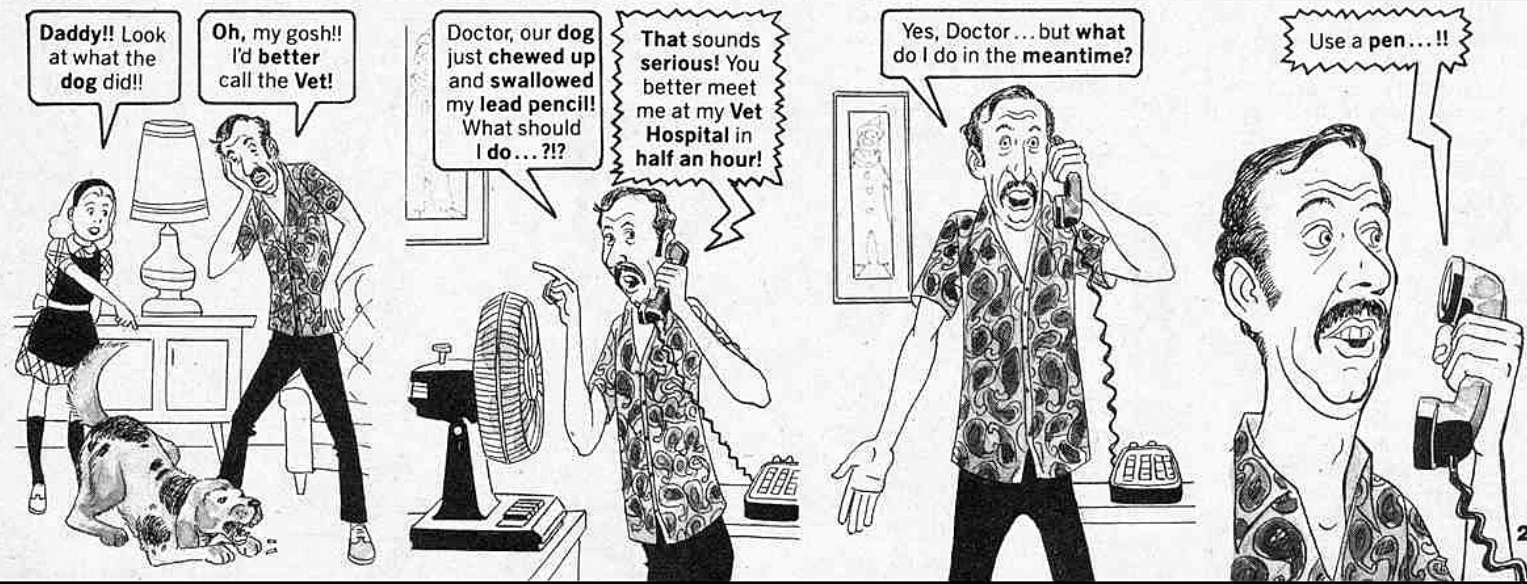
GAMBLING



EATING OUT



PETS



MAKING IT



Why are you sitting around, doing nothing?! Why aren't you going to school and learning a trade?! Why aren't you trying to get a job?!? Don't you have any ambition...??

I sure do...!!

I plan to be a million-aire... and own several mansions and a yacht and a string of fancy cars!!

I plan to jet set around the world in my private plane and—

My!! I didn't know you had such ambition! How do you expect to accomplish all that?

By winning a lottery!!



SCHOOL LUNCHROOMS

Hey...!! I was sitting there!! I just got up to buy a container of milk!

Beat it, punk!!

But it's MY seat...!!

Oh, yeah? Can you prove it...??

Yes... I can!!

I left my dish of chocolate pudding on the chair...!!



TELEPHONES

All my friends...everybody I know... has a CORDLESS PHONE!! Except us!! We're always behind the times!!

I'd be crazy to buy you one of those things and make it easier for you! I'm trying to get you to talk LESS on the telephone... not MORE!!

I WANT A CORDLESS PHONE —LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE!!

Here!! You want a CORDLESS PHONE?! Okay, you got it!!



POSITIVE WINKING DEPT.

MAD has always been known as a cynical rag that loves to take pot shots at famous personalities, hallowed institutions and momentous events. And we're proud to have earned our lofty reputation as the Number One Groin-Kicker of the magazine field. But we don't like being regarded as mere *negative thinkers* who cannot see the forest for the sleaze. So, much as it hurts, MAD now puts on a *positive* face to cry:

AIN'T IT GREAT!!

WRITER: TOM KOCH

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE



AIN'T IT GREAT...



...that we enjoyed 30 glorious years of killing bugs with chemicals before enough of the poison accumulated to kill people too?

AIN'T IT GREAT...



...that when you're rich enough, you can afford to buy a belt buckle that bears the initials of some famous fashion designer instead of your own!

AIN'T IT GREAT...



...that the Iranians are willing to sell us their oil again, just as if nothing ever happened!

AIN'T IT GREAT...



...that UPC code pricing has brought new excitement to shopping by preventing us from learning how much we've spent until we reach the supermarket check-out counter!

AIN'T IT GREAT...



...that we live in a land of opportunity... where Brooke Shields can become more rich and famous than actresses who possess real talent!

AIN'T IT GREAT...



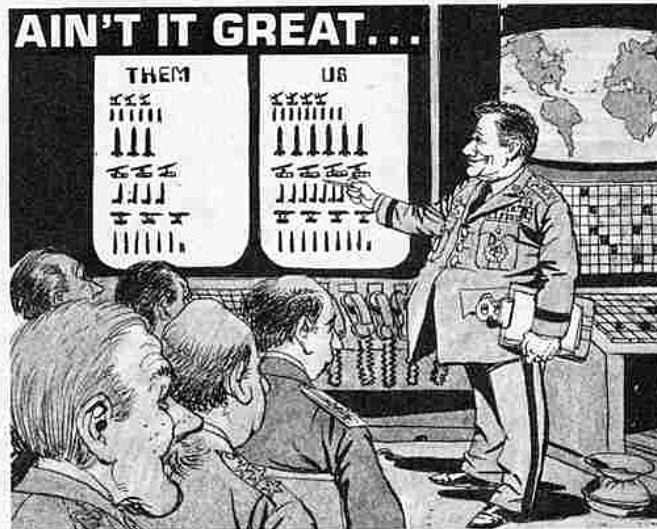
...that we live in an open society where any middle-aged housewife appearing on television can feel free to talk about her "hemorrhoids"!

AIN'T IT GREAT...



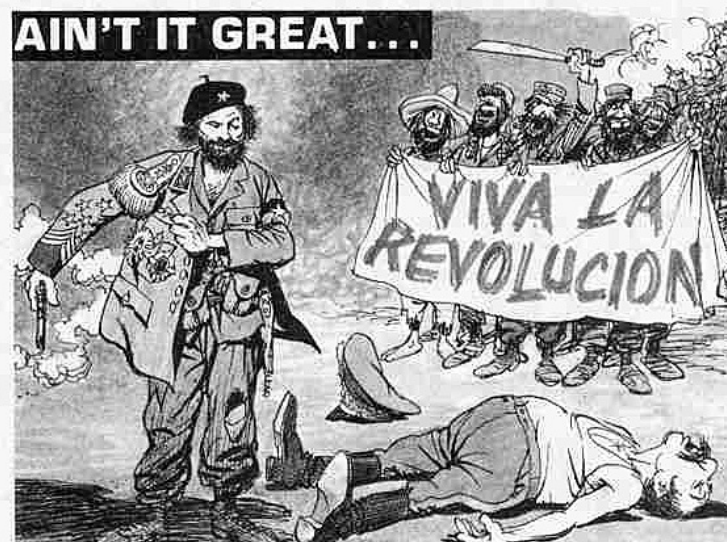
...that Medical Science has extended our lifespan to the point where we can now expect to live for 10 more years after we enter an expensive nursing home!

AIN'T IT GREAT...



...that we now have enough nuclear weapons to destroy everything in Russia three times, and they only have enough to do it to us twice?

AIN'T IT GREAT...



...that we don't have to worry about who wins those civil wars in Central America because the leaders of all factions are equally rotten!

AIN'T IT GREAT...



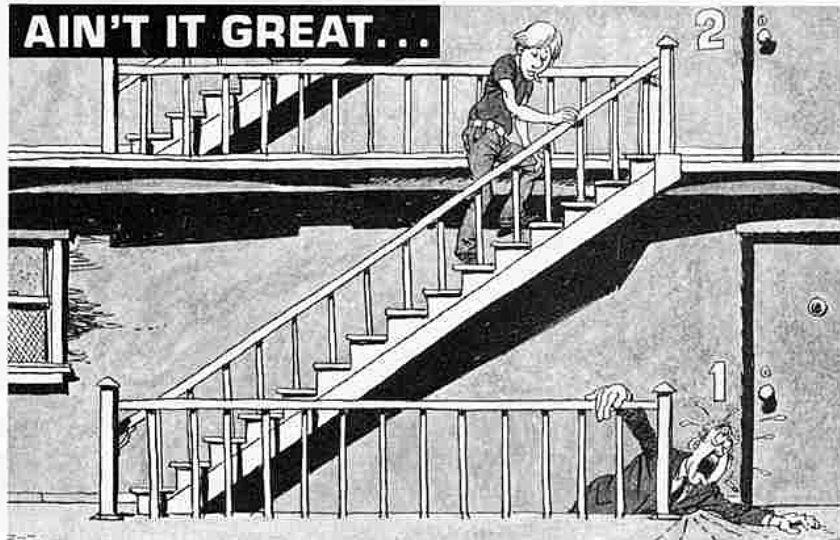
...that Police Departments have been so computerized, they can now arrest the wrong person within hours after a crime is committed!

AIN'T IT GREAT...



...that the politicians have patched up the Social Security System so it won't go broke for at least another eight months!

AIN'T IT GREAT...



...that the development of low nicotine cigarettes has made it possible for smokers to climb flights of stairs without gasping until they're almost twenty years old!

AIN'T IT GREAT...



...that the 1983 stock market boom gave everyone a chance to profit, except those who had to sell their stocks after they lost their jobs in 1982!

AIN'T IT GREAT...



...that Olympics are held every four years, giving terrorists from all over the world a chance to meet and renew old acquaintances!

AIN'T IT GREAT...



...that Billy Martin and George Steinbrenner got back together again, thereby confining all of baseball's childish tantrums to one team!

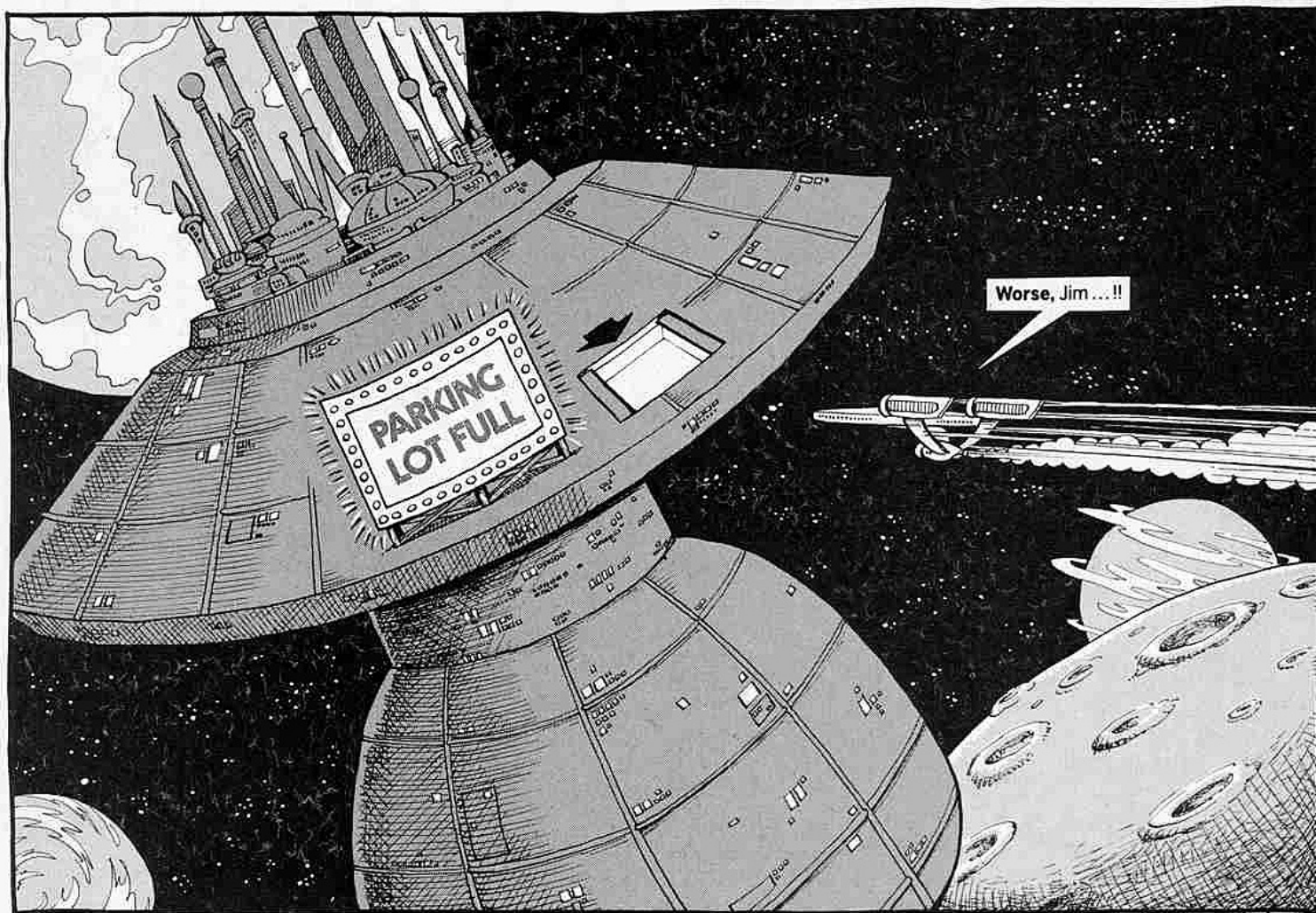
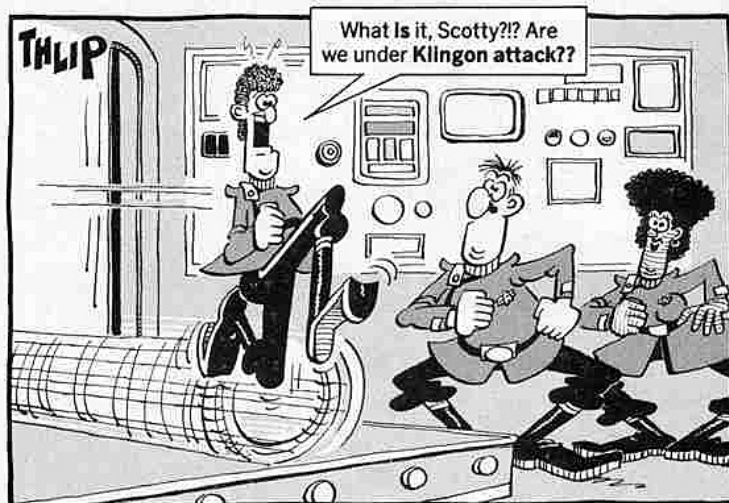
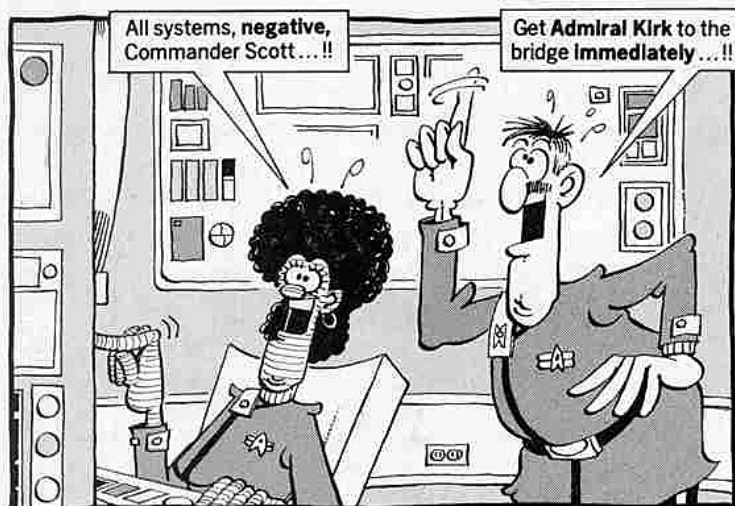
AIN'T IT GREAT...



...that today's amazing plastics have permitted us to litter our landscape with trash that will never burn, dissolve or rust away! 29

DON MARTIN LOOKS AT...

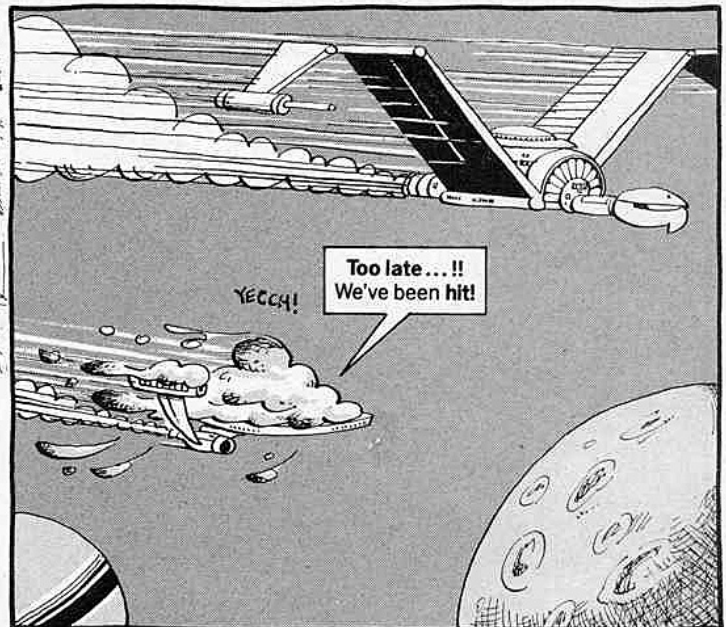
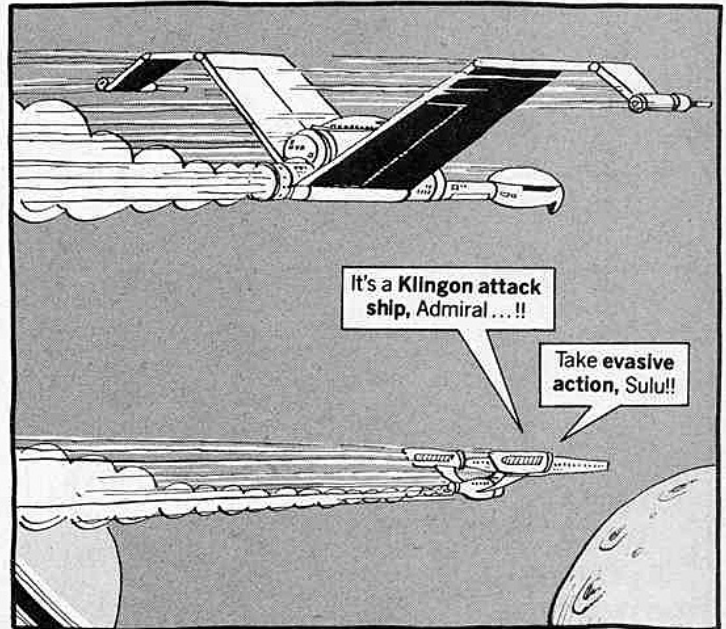
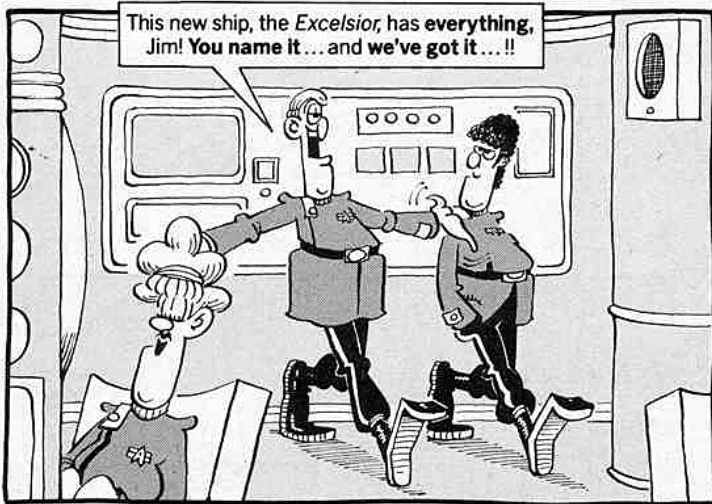
STAR THE SEARCH

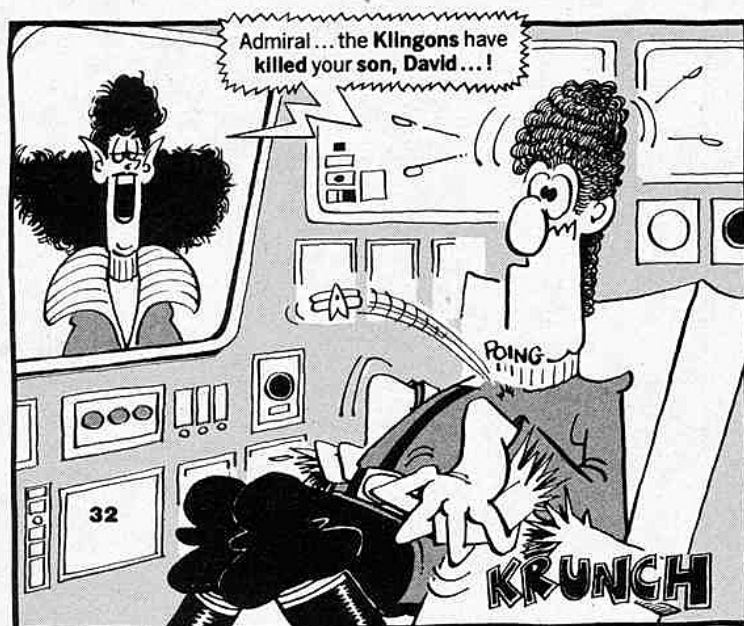
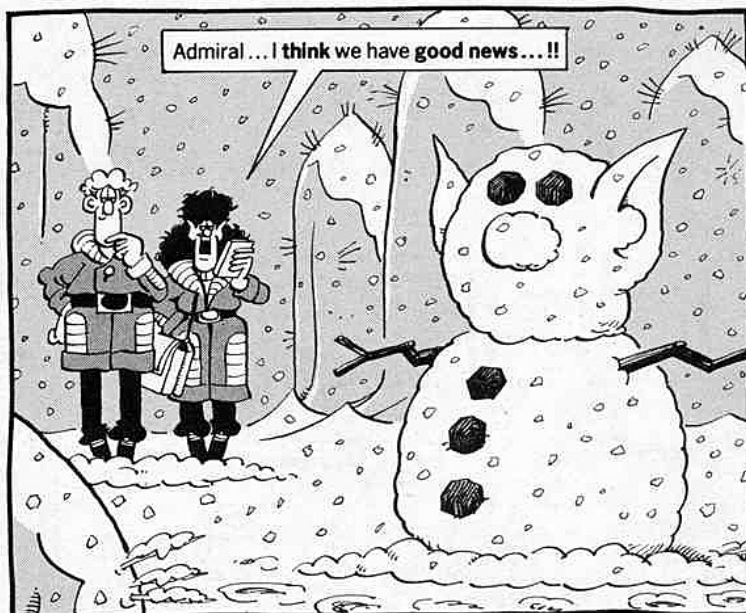


TREK III



UH FOR SPOCK





Myron Formish

PAYS ALL OF HIS
MIGRANT WORKERS THE MINIMUM WAGE
AND CAREFULLY INSPECTS THEIR
CITIZENSHIP PAPERS
BEFORE HIRING THEM!

**HELEN GURLEY
BROWN**

ONCE OKAYED
AN ISSUE OF
"COSMOPOLITAN"
CONTAINING
NO ARTICLES ON
SEX
AND FEATURING A
COVER GIRL
DISPLAYING
NO CLEAVAGE

U.S. CONGRESSMAN **EMIL ZAFF**

EMPLOYS ONLY **TWO PEOPLE** ON
HIS STAFF... NEITHER OF WHOM IS
A **FAMILY MEMBER** OR AN **IN-LAW!**

NATIVE
NEW YORK

ELWOOD M^SVEY

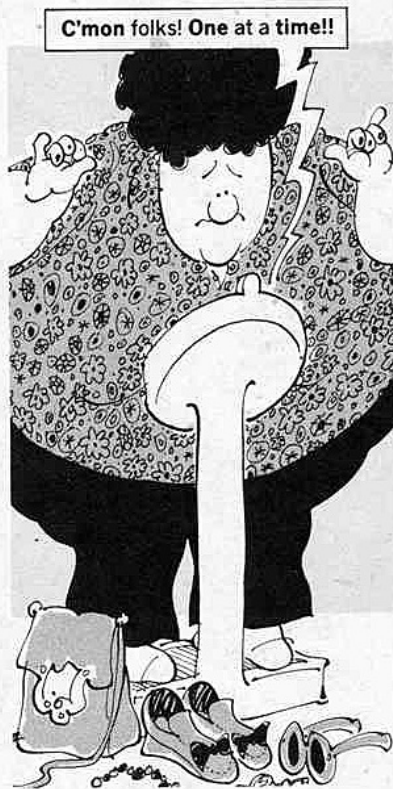
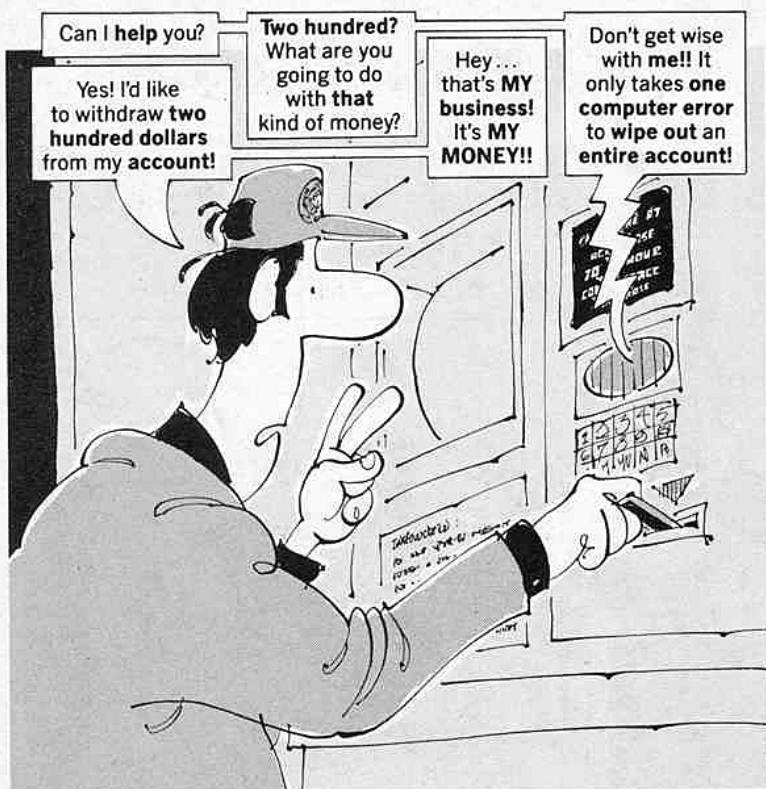
IS ABLE TO DESCRIBE THE
APPROXIMATE LOCATION
of WYOMING!

A **BLOCK PARTY** WAS ORGANIZED BY THE RESIDENTS OF AN **EXCLUSIVE CLEVELAND SUBURB** TO WELCOME THE **FIRST BLACK FAMILY** TO MOVE INTO THE NEIGHBORHOOD!

What's the newest thing on the science front? White bread...?! Boy, are you out of touch! No, it's the "Voice Synthesizer," a miniature computer chip that "talks." So far, we already have clocks that "speak" the time,

WHAT IT WILL BE LIKE WH

ARTIST: PAUL COKER



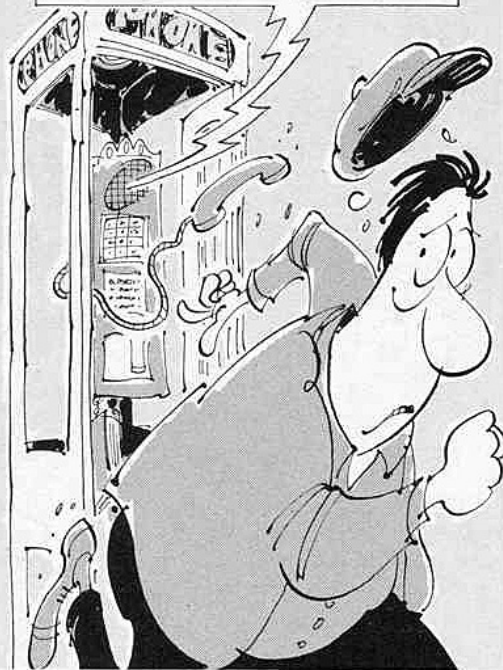
and autos that "tell" when something is about to go wrong mechanically. How long will it be before just about everything has a voice? Oh, just about the time it will take you to read this article which we've titled:



IN EVERY DEVICE "TALKS"

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

That's a **SLUG** you dropped in, Buddy! If you want to make a **free call**, how about the one the **cops** 'll let you make after I **call them** and they **arrest you**!



Hey! Someone get the guy who owns this car and tell him he's only got **five minutes left**...!!



Boy, you're gonna be some sick kid if you eat all this **junk food**! Ever hear of **vegetables**? **Salads**? **Cereals**? Huh??



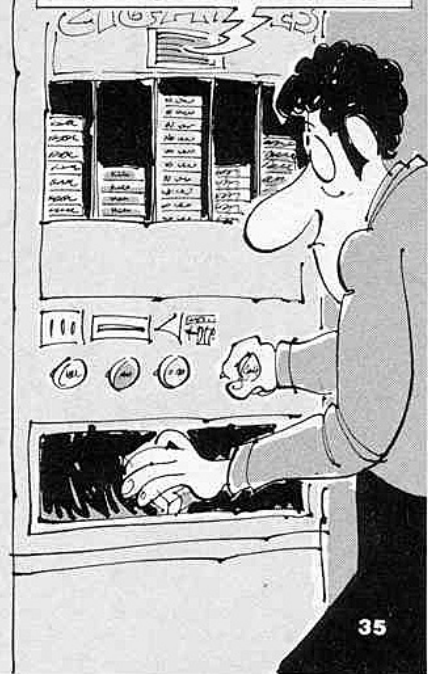
I'm just about out of **milk**, and I'm really low on **eggs**, and I can use—



That's your **third cup**!! If I were you, I'd make sure I stopped in the **bathroom** before I started my **hour trip** to work!!



Hey, **Idiot**... why do it the **slow, painful way** with **cigarettes**...?! Why not just run in front of a **bus** and get it over with **quickly**!!



NO REST FOR THE LEERY DEPT.

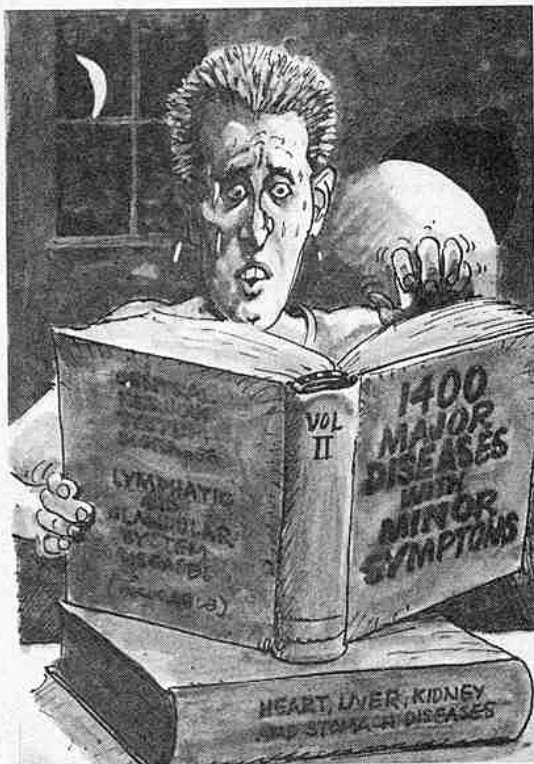
ONLY IN THE MIDD



...does the sound of a dripping faucet make us realize how effective the old "Chinese Water Torture" must have been.



...do we feel compelled to figure out how rich we'd be today if we'd bought stock in a silicon chip company when it first went into business.



...can minor gas pains, a twinge from an ingrown nose hair and the discomfort of tight pajama pants all seem like the symptoms of some fatal disease.

ARTIST: HARRY NORTH



36 ...are we certain that we'll lose our minds if we can't remember the name of the little dog in the old "Petticoat Junction" TV show.



...are we seized with inconsolable grief when we recall how our parents wouldn't let us keep that puppy that followed us home back in 1973.



...does it suddenly seem extremely likely that we dropped an important letter down a mail chute that day without putting a stamp or return address on it.

LE OF THE NIGHT...



...does the cat become so fastidious that she has to kick up her litter box for at least twenty minutes after doing her thing.



...can hunger pangs become so intolerable that we'll eat the only thing left in the house: uncooked spaghetti.



...does it suddenly become apparent that the dress we'd put back on the rack was far more flattering than the one we actually bought and was now being extensively altered.

WRITER: TOM KOCH



...does a car engine idling nearby offer all the proof we need that a burglar has left his motor running while he's ransacking our house.



...does something regularly set off a neighborhood store's burglar alarm that no one ever comes to investigate.



...do we realize that taking the bus home from school that afternoon was a stupid mistake...considering the fact that we'd rode our bike to school that morning. **37**

ONLY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT...



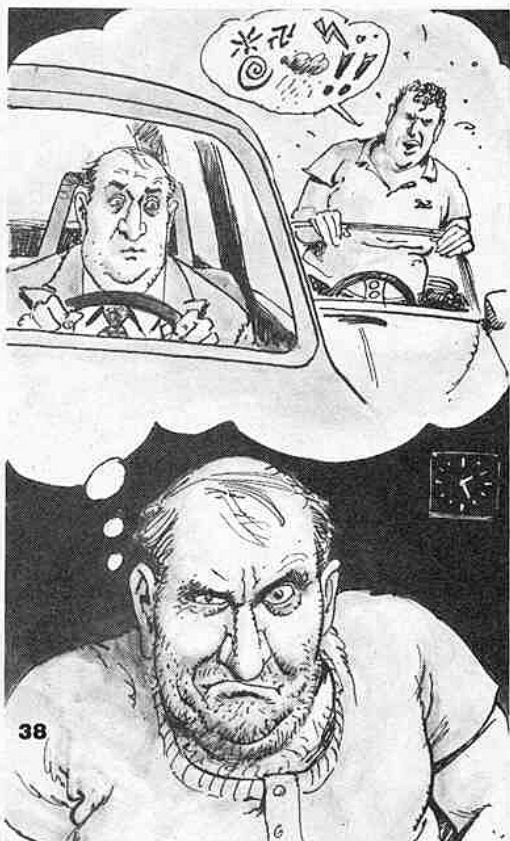
...is it impossible to flush a toilet without having the plug inside the tank get stuck so the water keeps running until we get up again...and remove the lid...and fix it.



...do we suddenly remember all the final exam answers that we should have remembered twelve hours before.



...do we discover that we've carefully hung our new mirror in the perfect spot for the street light to reflect directly in our eyes.



...do we think of the clever retort we should've made to that idiot who screamed at us that afternoon for daydreaming after the light turned green.



...do we get a stabbing toothache that remains intolerable until two minutes before the dentist's office opens...when it miraculously disappears.



...do we clearly recall giving a restaurant cashier a twenty-dollar bill—and only getting back change for a ten.

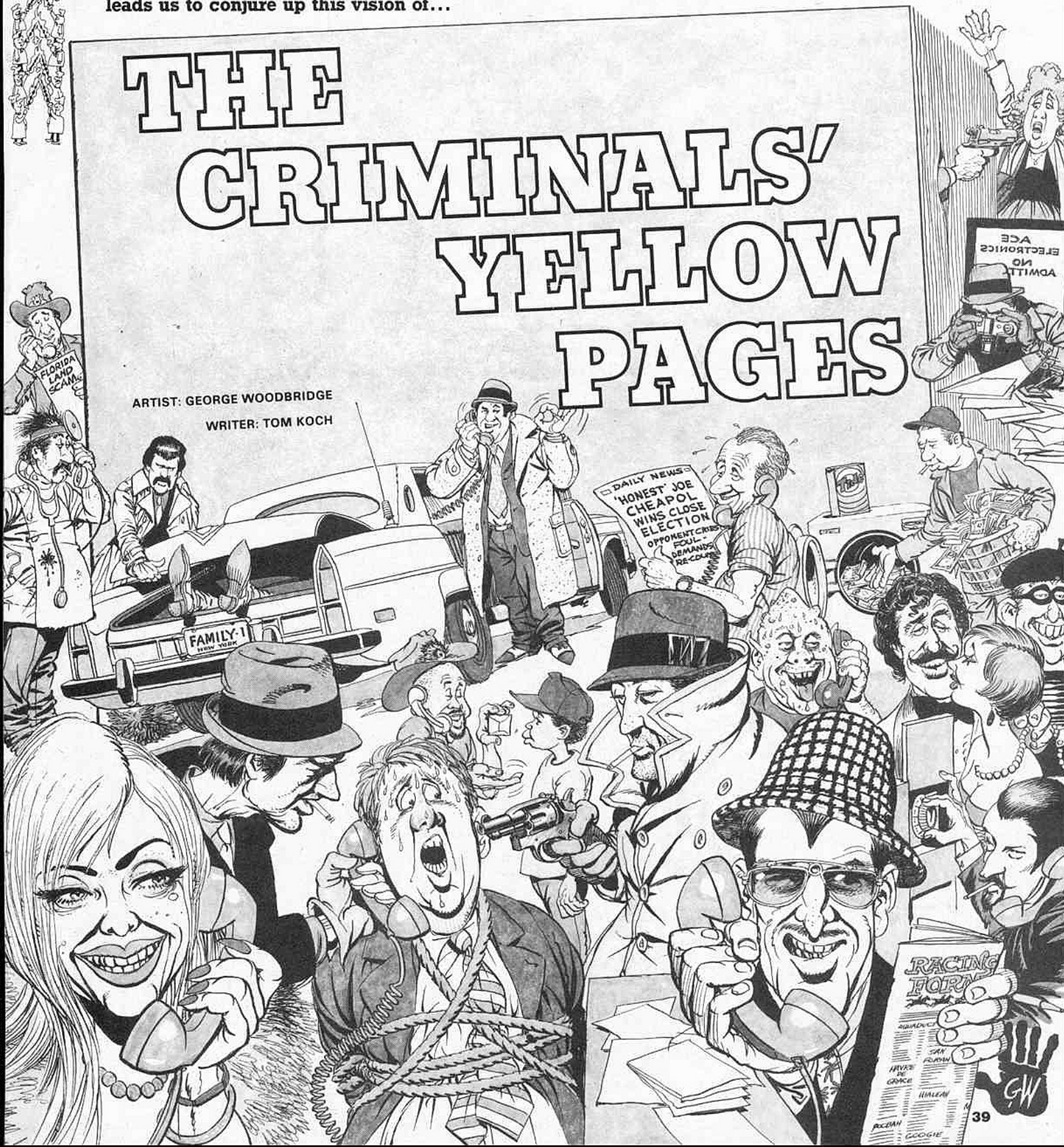
"WHERE'S THE THIEF?" DEPT.

The phone company urges us to avoid shopper's nerves and aching feet by letting our fingers do the walking through the Yellow Pages. That seems like a reasonable suggestion. But suppose the business we need to transact is a bit illegal, like engaging a hit man to blow away a rich uncle. People offering such services don't advertise, or even hang out signs. The only way to locate a gunman for hire is by asking around, which can lead to all sorts of complications. It's a sad truth of our times that no one can find a crook easily except another crook. What is clearly needed is a means of putting the average citizen in touch with his neighborhood bookie, arsonist or all-purpose hoodlum. In MAD's opinion, what works for legitimate business should work equally well in the realm of the illegit, which leads us to conjure up this vision of...

THE CRIMINALS' YELLOW PAGES

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: TOM KOCH



► Accountants—Crooked

FITTERMAN, "FOUR EYES"

EMBEZZLEMENTS COVERED UP
LEDGERS BURNED
DIRTY MONEY LAUNDERED

"Serving The Financial Needs Of
The Underworld's Top Scum Since 1957."

2157 E. Fiduciary. **BOokjuggle** 2148

► Arsonists

FIREBUGS ANONYMOUS

Why Pay A Professional Torch To Set Your Blaze
When Our Psychopaths Will Do It For Kicks?

1449 N. Flamegiggle **BURnbaby** 1313

IMPRUDENTIAL FIRE INSURANCE COLLECTION CO.

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Wholesale Rates For Bribes By The Dozen We Accept Unmarked Cash,
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(See My Display Ad This Page)

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To Show The I.R.S.

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Stretch Your Weekly Paycheck By Trading It
For Our Bargain Priced Funny Money

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NOW ACCEPTING ASSIGNMENTS FOR 1993
WHEN I'LL BE BACK OUT ON THE STREETS

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Whip & Chain Motorcycle Club
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Vicious Vinnie Says:
"TAKE CARE OF ALL THOSE MONTHLY
BILLS
WITH ONE CONVENIENT DAILY
PAYMENT."



No Credit Investigations
No Salary Garnishments
No Broken Bones (If You Pay By 6 P.M.)

**VINNIE'S
BANK & TRUST CO.**

PHONE
Vigorish 0017

CALL NOW!
(But Only If You're
Too Desperate To Ask
How Much I Charge.)

DON'T RISK DOING HARD TIME!

Buy A Criminal Court Judge
For Less Than You Might Think!

PHONE MY CHAMBERS FOR CURRENT BRIBERY RATES ON

-Plea Copping

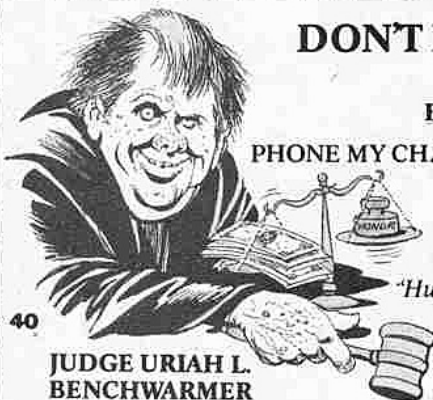
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"Hundreds Of Guilty Satisfied Customers
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HALL OF JUSTICE (Ha-ha)
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Don't Try Beating Up The Playground Bully Alone!
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PLASTIC SURGERY FOR THE HUNTED
I Turned Ma Barker Into Leonard Nimoy,
And I Can Work Similar Miracles For You.

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WILFRED THE WEASEL

I'LL KEEP MY MOUTH SHUT ABOUT YOU
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BUY PEACE OF MIND NOW.

Mrs. Rumsey's
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YOUR HEADQUARTERS FOR AUTHENTIC LOOKING
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We're All Parole Violators,
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WHITEY THE WHEELMAN

NO CAPER IS SUCCESSFUL IF YOU CAN'T LEAVE THE SCENE
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Guess Where! **H**ighjumper 0655

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Ask-No-Questions
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Then She'll Remind Me Of My Mother, And I'll Gladly Knock Her Off.

Attic over
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Ralph The Ripper,
352 W. Fogbound
Walk **E**Versharp 8849

(See My Display Ad This Page)

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Vinnie's Bank & Trust Co.,
P.O. Box 5186 **V**igorish 0017

(See My Display Ad This Page)



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YOUR HEADQUARTERS FOR
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Low Prices On Good Used Artillery From
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Guerrillas Countries Terrorists

*Whether You're Planning A Stick-up
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Louder Than Saturday Night Specials.*



ARNOLD'S ARSENAL

402 N. Kabooooooooom **H**OWitzer 6628



**HAVE YOUR ENEMIES CARVED UP
BY A FULL SERVICE LUNATIC**

Simple Slashings
Or Total Dismemberment
. . .

Ominous Footsteps
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. . .

Special Discount
During Full Moon

RALPH THE RIPPER

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By Selling You What We Stole From The Joneses

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Let Our Representative In Your Area
Help You Work Out A Financial Plan
To Protect Yourself Against Us.

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TERMINAL SPRINGS SANITARIUM

Put A Sickly Relative In Our Steam Bath
For Just Two Weeks
And Watch Your Problems Disappear.

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NOODLEMAN, NIMBLE FINGERS

Blowing Up A Building To Open Its Safe
Attracts Unwanted Attention.
Let Me Help You Enjoy
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Army Of The 32nd Of July,
911 W. Fruitcake . . **UNderground** 0444

(See Our Ad Under "Terrorism")

► **Smugglers**

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HARD-TO-FIND FOREIGN ITEMS

- ★ SOUTH AFRICAN IVORY
- ★ SOUTH AMERICAN PARROTS
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Why Pay For Cable TV When It's More Entertaining
To Eavesdrop On Your Neighbors' Private Conversations?

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COLORFUL VOCABULARY
HEAVY BREATHING
Hire Me To Call The Girl Of Your Dreams
And Tell Her Exactly What You Have In Mind
"Se Habla Español"

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► **Terrorism**

ARMY OF THE 32ND OF JULY

ENLIST NOW TO HELP RID THE WORLD
OF WELSH MINERS, IRISH TENORS, GREEK
RESTAURANTS & DALMATIAN PUPPIES
Phone For A Recorded Message About
These & Others We Hate

911 W. Fruitcake **UNderground** 0444

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WE SPECIALIZE IN BOMBING NEWARK & TRENTON,
BUT WILL CONSIDER OUT-OF-STATE DEMOLITION.

Our Lady of
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TOPS IN TRASHING SINCE 1974
School Subway Home
Burnings Defacings Wreckings
877 N. Brainwarp . **SLashpillow** 0144

Disturbed Students Of P.S. 168,
Locker #2643 . . **UNderachiever** 3738

SMUTTY SPRAY PAINT SERVICE

Choose From Our Wide Selection Of Four Letter Words!
Have Your Enemy's Property Defaced This Very Night!

5177 Macho Mall . . **#&\$!)\$#** 2166

► **Weapons—Illegal**

Arnold's Arsenal,
402 N. Kabooooooooom . . **HOwitzer** 6628

(See Our Display Ad This Page)

MISS MELANIE'S NITROGLYCERIN BOUTIQUE

IMPORTED & DOMESTIC EXPLOSIVES
FOR THE DISCRIMINATING HOUSEWIFE
"Only TNT Destroys The Evidence
As It Destroys Your Husband"

414 S. Mayhem **SKyhigh** 2200

Next time you or your business needs to
reach out and put the touch on someone,
consult these Yellow Pages.

**DON'T BUY EXPENSIVE OLD COINS!
LET US MAKE YOU CHEAP NEW ONES.**



**COLLECTOR'S ITEM
COUNTERFEITING CO.**

UNDETECTABLE REPLICAS FOR THE HOBBYIST

- ★ Rare U.S. Gold, Silver & Copper
- ★ Even Scarcer Misprinted Currency
- ★ Truly Unique Postage Stamps With Errors

ORDER AS FEW AS 100 OR AS MANY AS A CARLOAD

217 W. Sotheby **FAkemo** 0111



Just when television is at its peak in its efforts to make viewers "health conscious" ...like banning cigarette commercials, encouraging all those "diet product" ads and stressing physical fitness, along comes a weekly SitCom that's so loaded with sugary pap that it's causing violent medical reactions among diabetics who don't even watch the show ... which features a very small kid with a very large "cuteness quotient" who makes everyone laugh with his cloying little-boy wit ... and who's rapidly becoming a—

WEB*STAR

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

*TV NETWORK

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

I'm Gorge Slobadopolus, a former Pro-Football star who's now a Sports Announcer! Not long ago, an old teammate of mine ... Travers Short ... and his wife died, leaving me with the closest thing to their hearts ... their autographed picture of Howard Cosell—WITHOUT his toupee! They ALSO left me their KID!!

I'm Gorge's wife, Saccharine! I'm a female Consumer Advocate who's every bit as good as Ralph Nader! Actually, when I look at Gorge's waistline, I'm not so sure I advocate what HE consumes! Uh—as you can see, I'm also every bit as FUNNY as Ralph Nader ...!

Anyway, Saccharine and I adopted Travers' kid, who has got to be the cutest ... most huggable ... most adorable half-pint on Earth ...!

And here he comes NOW—the 1980's Black male answer to Shirley Temple!

Hi, folks! You want cute? Push my dimples and my eyes light up! You want cute? Jab my belly-button and I honk like a car! You—

Arnold, will you get out of here! You're in the wrong house—and the wrong SitCom!

Hold it, Buster ...! You described "small, Black, adorable and adopted!" That's ME! There's no one else on Earth who's smaller, Blacker or more adorable than I am!!

On the goo-ood ship Lollipop—

Except HIM! Next to Web*star, I'm about as cute and as cuddly as MOSES MALONE!



And now... here's the **REAL** star of our little show—kissable, embraceable, pinchable **WEB*STAR**...!

Hi, Gorge!
Hi, Ma'am!

What's that strange noise, Saccharine??

An audience reaction to "overwhelming cuteness"! This is the **only** SitCom on TV that uses an "AHHHHH Track" along with a "LAUGH Track"!

Hey, it's **MY** turn to hug him now! My **contract** clearly states that I get no less than **ONE HUG** every **FIVE MINUTES**! And it's been almost **NINE MINUTES** now...!!

Okay! But I get to hug him later on this evening...!!

Just **you** and I... a bottle of chilled root beer... and candlelight, eh, Web*star?

Not tonight...! I've got a stomach ache!!

AHHHHHHHHH

I **BRAKE** FOR **HALF TRACKS**

So, Web*star? What cunning things have you done so far **today** to reinforce your unbearable adorability??

I—I brushed my **teeth** all by myself, Ma'am! And now, **look!!** I—I'm tying my shoelaces!

Gorge... isn't he just fantastic?!!

Saccharine, he's **13!** There are kids in **South Carolina** who get **MARRIED** at his age...!!

How come **YOU** can't tie **YOUR** shoelaces...?

Stop feeding me so much food! I can't **TIE** what I can't **SEE**!!

I **BREAK** FOR **HALFBACKS**

Chuckle... chuckle... so much for our hilarious husband-wife banter! **NOW** it's time to get into our boring weekly story...!

Gee, I thought we were already **INTO** it! Web*star said "Hi!" to both of us—and then we **hugged** him! That sounds like a typical story!

Yes... but not an "EPISODE" story!

You're right! On this show, it's a **two-parter**! Maybe we should **cut out** the hugging, and just concentrate on the "Hi!"...!

Ma'am... Gorge... How come I don't have a **REAL** Mommy and Daddy?

Hear that, Gorge? **THAT's** our story for this week... explaining to Web*star what happened to his **real** parents! It just can't miss...!!

You're **right**! We've done it **twelve times** already this season... and it **HASN'T MISSED YET!!**

That's what makes our show so unique! We do **FIRST-RUN RE-RUNS**!

Okay, Darling... here's what happened to your parents...!

One day, God was **lonesome** up in Heaven, and He said, "Hey, Web*star's Mommy and Daddy... how would **you** like to keep Me company?" So they went **flying off** into a **fleecy white** wonderland of peace and joy and eternal tranquility and—

You mean, they **croaked**?

Uh—Gorge, explain "death" to him!

MAKER
MONGO
FOR 2001



Okay...! Web, I once had a friend named **Marlin Oafson** who was a **Pro Football player** just like me and your **Daddy!** Anyway, Marlin recently starred in a television series called "**Father Morphine**"—

I **SAW** that once! You mean my **Mommy** and **Daddy** died on their own TV show just like **Marlin** did on his? Does that mean I'm gonna die on **THIS** show??

GROW about two inches, Kiddo...and we'll **ALL** be dead!!



Let's take this from the **top**, Web! Once upon a time, there were a lot of **Black families** on TV, and just about every **Black kid** had a **Mommy** and a **Daddy**...!

Then, the **White TV viewers** got disgusted with the **Black Mommys** and **Daddies!!**

Why? Were they getting **too stupid?**

WORSE! They were getting **too INTELLIGENT!** They began holding **paid jobs**... and owning their own homes...and—you know!!—doing **ridiculous things** that **Black people** have no business doing...!



So the **Lords of Television** looked deep into the **Book of Neilsen**...and, just as the **Bible** tells us happened in **Egypt**, they decided to **punish the first-born sons of Black families**...!

You mean...with **locusts** and with **Plagues** and stuff?

Even more terrible! By **killing off their parents** with the **dreaded disease** for which there is **no known cure—TVC!!**

What does **TVC** stand for...?

TeleVision Convenience!



But instead of **killing off the Black children**, too, the **White Lords of Television** decided to give them **nice White parents**... just like the kind **THEY'd** had!

That's not fair!!

Be reasonable, Darling! What **ELSE** could they do with kids like you and **Arnuld?** **Slavery**—unfortunately—is **DEAD!!** And you're much too young to be **CLEANING MAIDS!**



I want my **real Mommy** and **Daddy!**

To be **President of the United States?**

We can't always have what we **want**, Dear! Take **Gorge**, here, for example! He was a **successful Pro Football player!** Now, he's a **popular Sportscaster!** But the **fondest wish** of his life has **never come true**...!

No, much more important than that! To **STAR** in a "**Miller Lite Beer**" **Commercial!!**



I'm much better than those other jocks... **sob, sob**... I'm better than **Marv Gooseberry**...! I'm better than **Dick Butt-kiss**...! I'm better than **Booboo Smith**...

Of course you are, Dear...! Now just **relax** and try to get some **sleep**...

I'm better than **John Madman**...! I'm... **ZZZZZZZ**

Let's not disturb him, Web*star...



Anyway, as I was saying about your Mommy and Daddy—

**LESS FILLING!
TASTES GREAT
LESS FILLING!
TASTES ZZZZZ**

I guess Gorge never got over his dream, did he, Ma'am...?

Some fantasies die hard, Dear!!

Why, it's Jerky Sliver, my former Secretary... who's been promoted by the Producers of this show to Apartment House Pest First Class...!!

Saccharine, could I use your bathtub?

Why? Is yours stopped up?!!

No, it's just another one of my cute comical ways of invading your privacy! The audience absolutely adores my faggy humor!

Jerky... Web*star is upset because he doesn't have a real Mommy and Daddy... and we're trying to convince him that you can't always have what you want!

She's right, Web! It's always been MY wildest dream to take over Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood!

How come they won't let you?

They say I'm much too MACHO!
Ciao... people!!

Gorge, we've GOT to take Web*star's mind off his real parents! A good way is to try and make him forget he's Black! You think you can do that...??

No problem...!!

Well, Web? All ready for school?

Got your books? Your homework?

A clean hankie? How about a nice watermelon for the teacher...

OOPS... I mean an APPLE...!!

Ma'am... could I ask you a very important question?

Of course, Web*star! But, try to make it snappy! My parents are waiting for me outside in their car!

Is it true that Black kids can't have Black Mommies and Daddies on TV anymore?

I'm afraid it is, Dear! But don't take MY word for it—

Go outside and ask MY Mommie and Daddy...!!

I guess Web*star's problem was more serious than we thought!!

Do you realize it's been **three days** now since he disappeared?! We may **never** see him again! I'm going out of my mind with worry!

Me, too! But life must go on, Honey! That's why I thought it would be a **good idea** for us to adopt **ANOTHER** kid...!

RING!

That must be the guy I'm expecting!

Hi, folks! I'm from the "TV Black Kids Orphanage"! I understand you might be in the market for an adoption...?

That's right! What've you got...?

Just about the greatest collection of old TV series' kids you've ever seen! They **USED** to have parents, of course... but you know the rules—

71

We have available the kids from "Good Ol' Times"... the bunch from "What's Happened?"... the son from "Sanforized And Son"... You name 'em... we got 'em! What quality are you looking for in a Black kid...??

Mainly, **CUTE**... which **THESE** kids **AREN'T!** So **FORGET IT!**

Well, Saccharine... it looks like **nobody** will ever replace Web*star!

Right! And we'll never see him again! All we have **left** are wonderful wonderful memories!

RRRING

I'll get it!

It's Web*star!!!

Ma'am! Gorge! Guess what?! I found my **DADDY!** He—he's **ALIVE** after all!!

He **changed** the way he looked, and he's been **too busy** making money to come for me... but now, I'm going home with him!! I'm gonna live with my **REAL DADDY**...!!

My old teammate Travers Short is **ALIVE**?! That's **GREAT**, Web*star... but you **KNOW** you can't have a **Black Father** on TV!! They'll kill him off... just like they killed off all the **OTHERS**...!

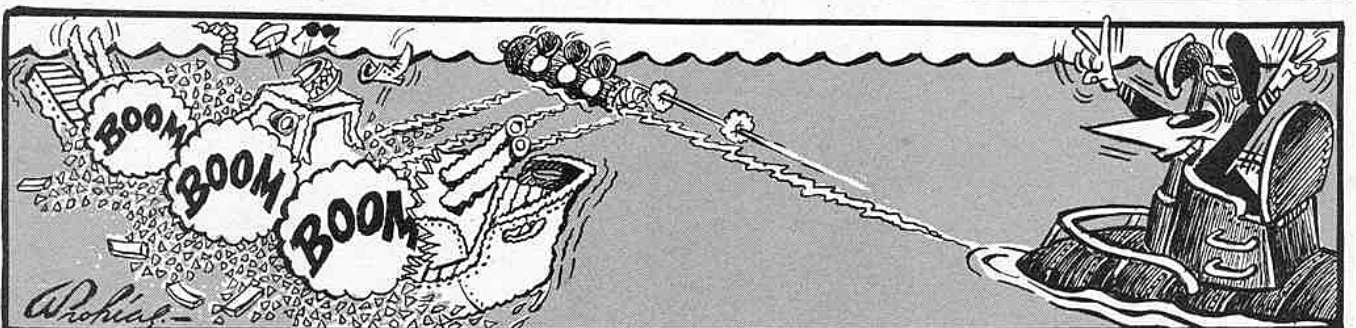
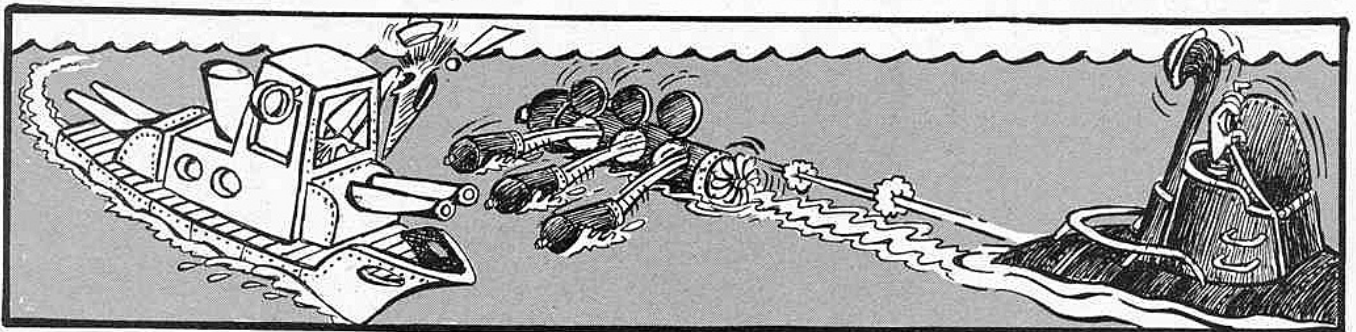
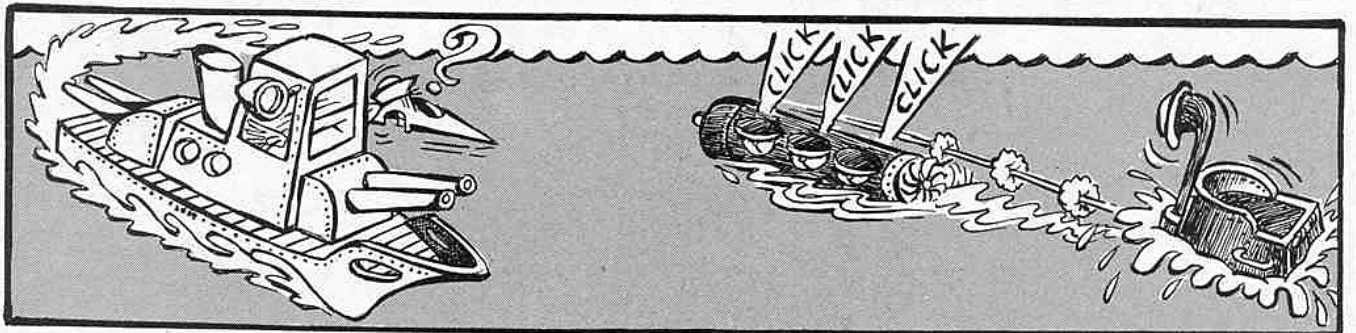
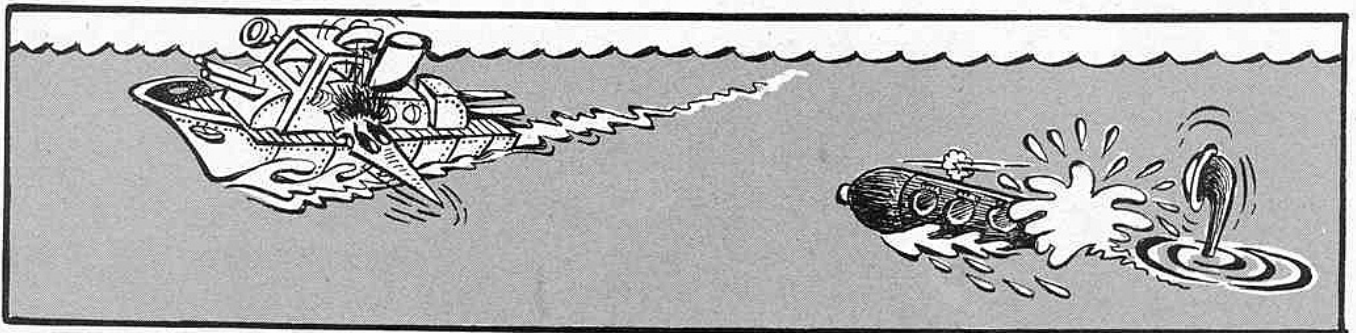
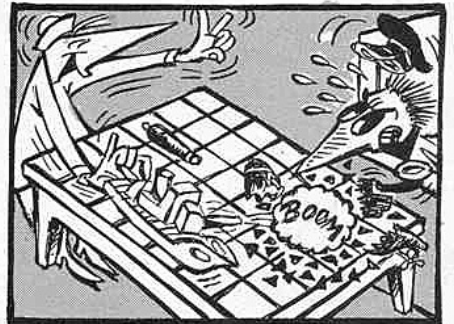
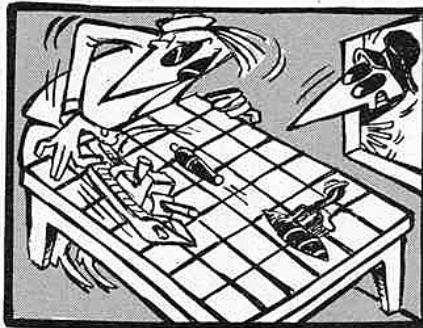
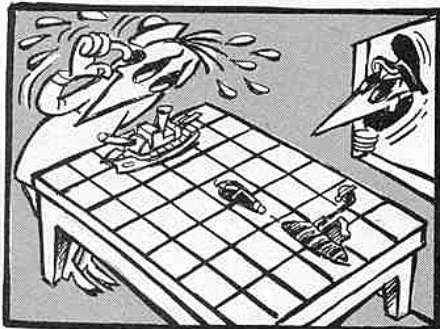
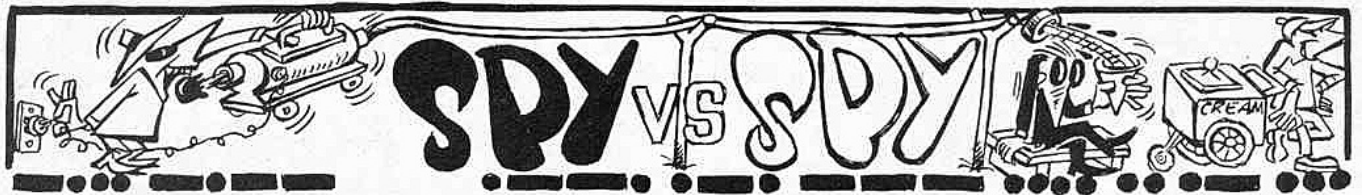
Who's gonna kill **WHO**?!

WHO can't have a Black son on TV, Honky...?!

MR. T!! Now I get it! "T" stands for Travers! I **KNEW** you looked familiar on TV! It's that crazy haircut and funky outfit that threw me!

Well... speaking for myself, my wife, the heads of the three networks—and all the **White TV** viewers in the country, **HAPPY FATHER'S DAY, TRAVERS!!**

47



**WHAT NEW
FORM OF
ADDICTION
THREATENS
TO ENSLAVE
OUR YOUTH?**

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

Addiction in any form is scary. To find out what the latest one is... fold in the page as shown at right.

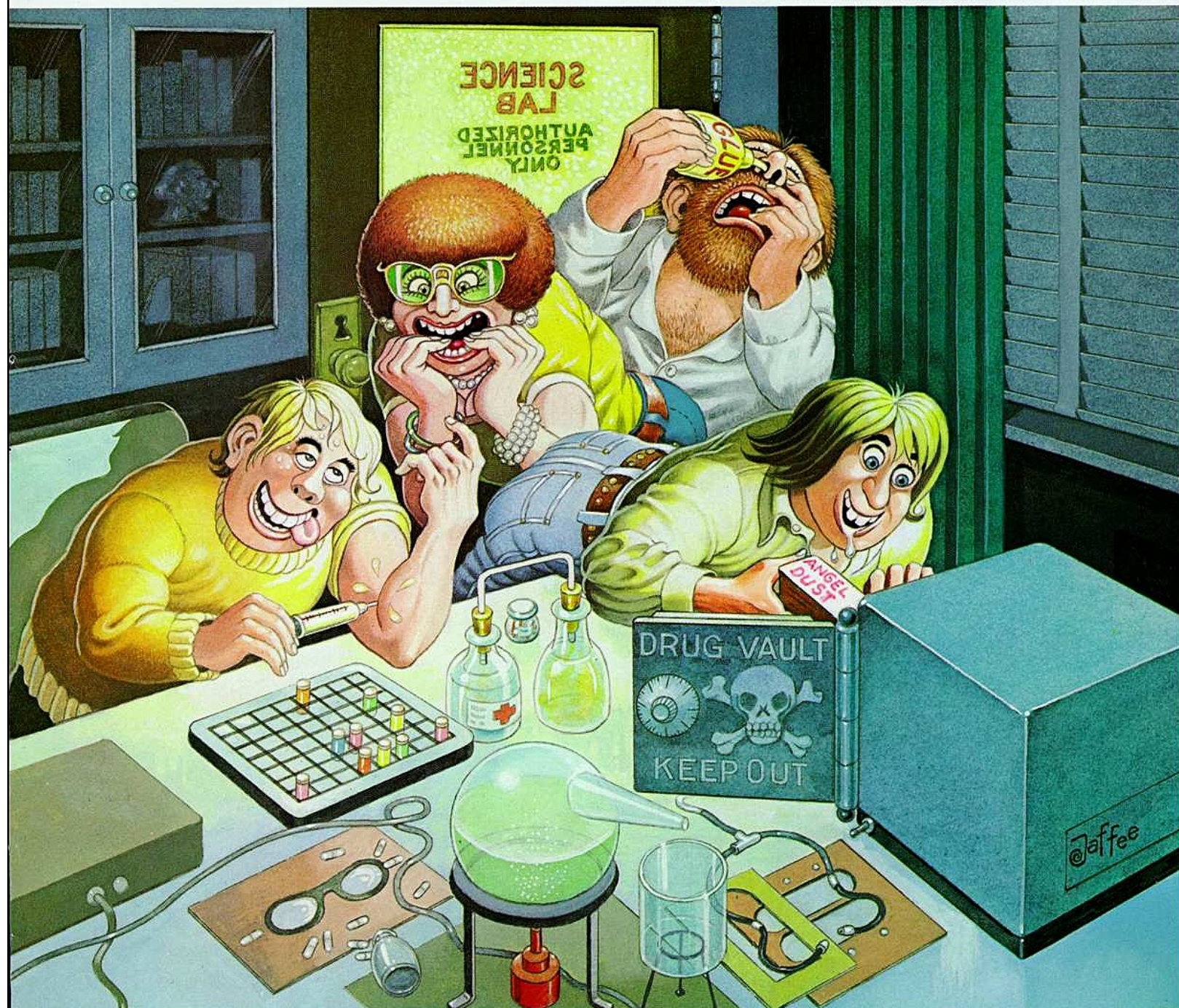


FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



**PERSPIRING, STRUNG-OUT JUNKIES CONJURE UP SENSATIONAL
IMAGES FOR PARENTS TERRORIZED BY ANY FORM OF
COMPULSIVE HABITS THAT ENSLAVE THEIR SONS OR DAUGHTERS**

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A ▶

◀ B

**MAD
REFUSES
TO
SUPPORT
THE
PRESIDENT**

*HE MAKES ENOUGH MONEY
TO SUPPORT HIMSELF!*